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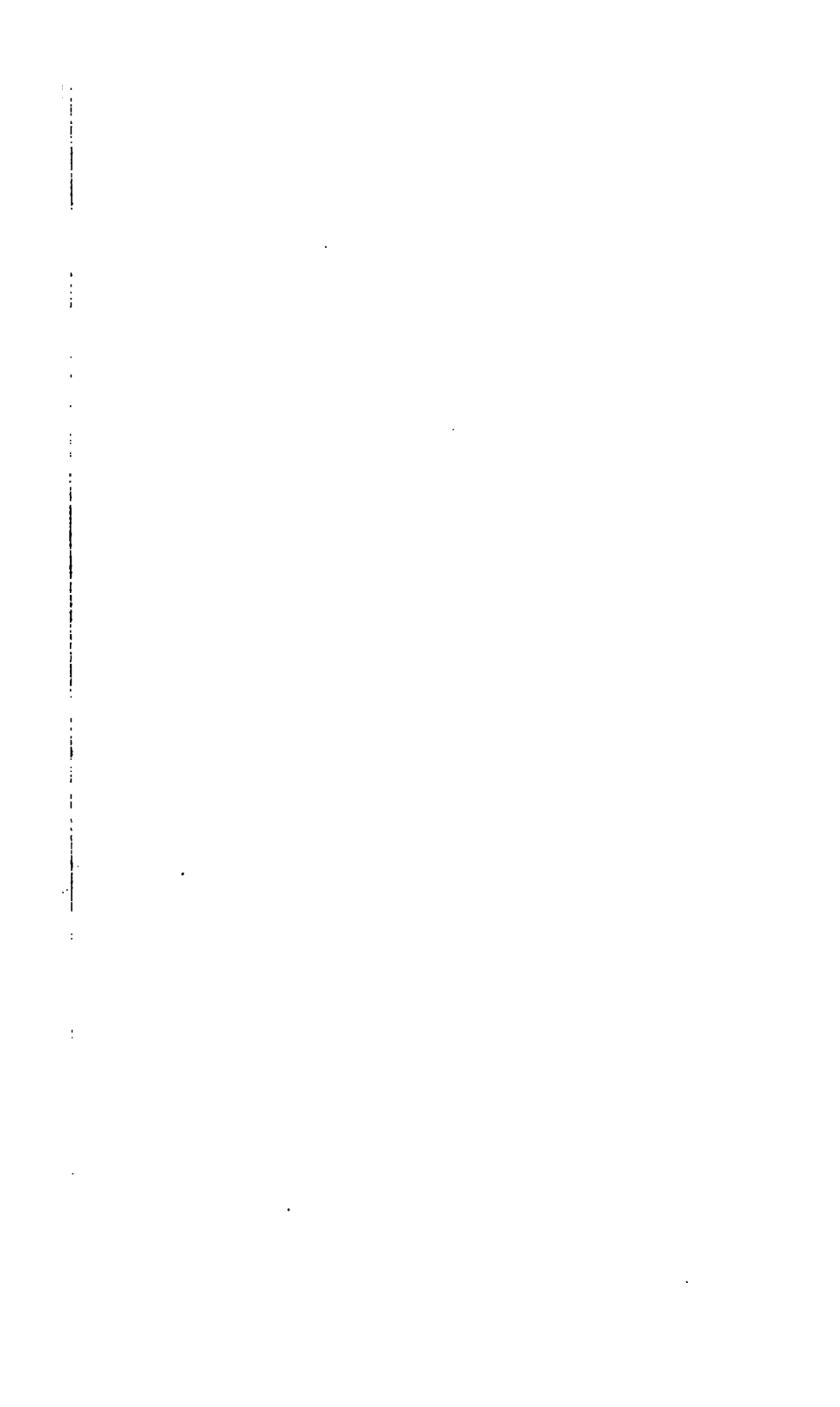


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THE ORPHAN OF NEPAUL.



THE
ORPHAN OF NEPAUL

A TALE OF HINDUSTAN.

"HER hollow eye, her daily wasting cheek,
The inward fever of her soul bespeak ;
Despair hath marked the victim for his own,
And made the ruins of her heart his throne.
Loose to the wind her ebon tresses flow,
And every look participates her woe ;
On a shrunk chaplet of neglected flowers,
In pensive grief she counts the weary hours ;
And as her fond imagination strays
O'er the past pleasures of once happy days,
She bends on vacancy her sleepless eyes,
And memory bids the pearls of sorrow rise."
GUNCARRI RAGUI, (from the Sanscrit.)

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THE ORPHAN OF NEPAUL.

CHAPTER I.

“Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the din, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage :—loud and more loud
The discord grows ; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And o’er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.”

SHELLEY.

HE who loves nature in all her varied forms
of beauty—who can muse over the gurgle of the
rivulet as it trips along its pebbly bed, making
music for the flowers that line its banks—and

can feel his heart swell at the wild but solemn grandeur of the cataract and the avalanche—who can find his spirit gladden in the rural glen and the sweet sunshine ; and his soul hold commune with that half spirit form of wonder and of mysterious power, the rolling mist of the mountain—who has a chord in his heart that vibrates at once to the birds' carol in the grove, and the crash which seems to rend the very skies, when the burst of a thunder peal startles the alpine echoes—who has a well of sympathy in his bosom for his kind, the waters of which often overflow, and cause the flowers of gentleness, of tenderness, and of benevolence to spring up and blossom in the soil,—and who finds within him that strange and undefined union of awe and proud dilation in the mighty sublimity of the mountain solitude, where nature, and the God of nature, speak to the spirit in spirit language,—will find much to delight him in the kingdom of Nepaul ; smiling pastures—venerable forests—majestic rivers—fields rich in cultivation, and waving with luxuriant grain—relics of days gone by—temples where the antique and the beauti-


ful sleep side by side—customs and manners of almost primeval simplicity and innocence—myriads of associations that bridge over the stream of time, and enable him to go back to the days of the patriarchs—and perhaps more than all, the imposing presence of those stupendous chains of mountain upon mountain, which seem to stretch into the very sky, whose tops nothing has touched but the winds and snows of Heaven since they were left by the last wave of the deluge, and towards which he struggles on in increasing wonder and admiration, till the impossibility of breathing warns him that he has reached the boundary of that portion of his universe which the Creator has allotted to the children of the earth, and that the spirit alone can ascend beyond.

The portion of the country in which our tale commences, formed by no means the least imposing part of its scenery, and offered something of an epitome of its general features. During the early part of the day, the thick mist known among the inhabitants by the name of Too-âl, had completely enveloped the summit of the

Chandraghiri, or the mountain of the moon ; this had gradually rolled off as the sun approached the meridian, and disclosed a view which included almost every diversity of scenic beauty. Immediately below, lay the charming valley of Nepaul, rich in fertility and cultivation, and exhibiting a panoramic succession of fields waving with corn and ghya ; towns and villages rising above each other like an amphitheatre ; conspicuous among which was Khatmanda, with its grove of temples, their richly gilt pinnacles glittering in the dazzling sun ;—and streams of every class, from the dancing brook to the majestic river, sweeping through the valley in all directions ; now urging their course through glens and ravines clustered with aromatic and sweet-flowering shrubs, or wooded with kalikaht, sissou, and chillownia : now meandering among the rich pastures which afforded herbage to the changra, the khagia, and the chowri ; now carrying health and comfort to the varied habitations of man that so thickly studded the landscape ; and now losing themselves in the gorges of the mountains, or pouring their tributary

streams into the Bhagmutty, which after irrigating the whole of the valley, dashed precipitately along by the base of the Chandraghiri, foaming and chafing as it went, as if in anger that it was so soon to lose sight for ever of the mountain that gave it birth. On the left, the pinnacles of the temple of Sumbhoo-nath rose above the sacred grove which crowned the top of the Sumbhoo ; and on the right, the loftier Phalchoak seemed struggling through the mass of mist that partially veiled its giant outline, as if anxious to shew itself no unworthy rival to the mighty Sheopuri, which shut in the valley on the opposite side ; while beyond it rose the yet more gigantic Jibjibia, clothed with hanging woods to its very summit ; and towering above all, the snow-crested Himalaya ascended with a calm and majestic stateliness which almost seemed to feel its unrivalled supremacy, and know itself the mountain sovereign of the globe.


There are scenes in nature whose outlines may be described, and whose general character delineated with fidelity, but the *effect* which they produce on the beholder is not to be transcribed.



It lies beyond the power of words ; for it is a direct emanation from the eternal mind to the mental principle within us. It is felt deeply and powerfully ; but it lives within the region of thought only—it is solely and purely spiritual—attempt to embody it in language, and it dies. The present was one of these—It was a scene on which the painter might gaze, and lay aside his tablets in silence : a scene which might make the proud man turn his eyes inward, recognize his own littleness, and learn to blush : a scene on which the finger of Omnipotence had traced Immensity in such characters that the devout man might bow himself to the earth, and wrap his face in his mantle with a feeling that he stood at the vestibule of the Uncreated One's temple, and in the awed hush and stilled solemnity of his spirit, was made conscious of the vicinity of things unseen by the mortal eye, but whose presence is at times dimly felt through the walls of its prison, by that intelligence whose essence and immortality is akin to theirs.

But alas ! for man's use of these silent but not voiceless manifestations, which were doubtless

intended to link him to the spirit world ! The mist which we have before alluded to, as it rolled off and developed for a time the glories of a view whose full splendors it rarely permitted to be visible, discovered also a small fort erected on one of the peaks of the Chandraghiri, and so as in some measure to command the road which wound immediately below it : across this road, a stockade had also been thrown, and as the Too-âl slowly left the spot, as if reluctant to unveil what lay beneath its folds, it discovered a group of men, partly in native, and partly in British costume, engaged in a close and sanguinary conflict. At the moment when the contending parties became visible, the stockade was forced by the British, and its defenders driven over the hill at the point of the bayonet ; and after a gallant but ineffectual attempt to rally on its north verge, forced down the abrupt and rugged descent to Thankote. The resistance, which had hitherto been as obstinate as undisciplined valour, aided by bows and arrows, and some ill-served matchlocks, could make it, was by this time virtually at an end ; and the British



officers, now that the main object, the command of the entrance to the Nepaul valley, was attained, became anxious to check a useless slaughter, and hurried to restrain by their presence and authority the prosecution of the conflict. As one of them ascended a little eminence, his speed was accelerated by hearing the clash of weapons above him ; and on gaining the summit of the knoll, he came suddenly upon the combatants. Some of the natives, closely pressed by a party of sepoys, had here been making a desperate, and as it appeared, a vigorous stand ; for several of the sepoys had fallen, while the Nepaulian party was reduced to a single old man, who, though evidently oppressed with wounds and fatigue, and though his matchlock was become useless, and his khora broken, still maintained his stand in his cottage doorway, and brandished his kookheri with an appearance of strength and courage which kept his opponents beyond its range. But one of them, having reloaded his piece, had already levelled it at the Nepaulian, when its point was struck up by the officer, who now threw himself between the

combatants, and by dint of mingled reproaches and commands, restrained the irritated sepoys from pressing their antagonist any further.

The respite came, but it came too late. Exertion had by this time overborne the energies of nature, and the old man was compelled to lean against the doorway for support;—still *the mind* was unsubdued, and the approach of the Englishman with signs of peace, was answered by a scowl of defiance, and an attempt to strike at him with the kookheri. But the effort was beyond his failing strength; the arm dropped nerveless at his side, and he sunk down exhausted. With the ready activity of humanity, the officer eagerly sprang forward to his assistance; but the Nepaulian waved him off with mingled dignity and sternness, and answered his assurance of safety and protection, with “What commerce should thy people have with my people, save at the point of the khora? The wreath of victory is yours; the sacred Jung Neshaun is in the dust, and Hainooman has seen his children fly. Be content, and leave us to


our own thoughts, and, it may be, our future deeds."

While the Englishman was straining his knowledge of the language to allay this hostile feeling, a shrill scream was heard from within the cottage; a young and unveiled female rushed wildly forward, and threw her slender arms round the Nepaulian, with a look of agony whose speechless eloquence lay far beyond the power of words. Agitation and terror had given full animation to a set of unusually expressive features, and her eager attentions to the object of her solicitude were continually displaying to fresh advantage, the proportions of a form which might have formed a study for a new *Anadyamene*. Edgar Arlington, as the fair vision passed before his eyes, drew back a step in mingled admiration and delicacy; but perceiving that the Nepaulian had fainted from loss of blood, humanity forbade his losing the opportunity of examining his wounds. He found them deep and dangerous, and the fresh torrent which gushed from them at the attempt to move him, though it recalled his consciousness, con-

vinced the Englishman that his only chance of life lay in the most perfect quietude ; and to this end, while he used his best efforts to staunch the bleeding, he strove to soothe the mind by a repetition of his assurances of protection.

“Protection !” repeated the old man, moodily ; “Aye ! such protection as the tiger offers the prey he has hunted down, when it trembles in his gripe. Nay, spare thy breath, young man ; were thy motives pure as the hymn of the genii before the throne of Indra, they are lost to me. The hand of the angel of death is on me, and the spirit already flutters its wing for flight.”

The tears of the young female, which had hitherto been restrained, burst forth at this remark ; and as she clung round him in an agony of grief, he seemed for awhile forgetful of himself, and of everything but her. “Poor Luslaya !” he said, mournfully, “and what will become of thee ? When the palm is laid low, what will be the fate of the Ipomea which clung to it for support ?—what, but to be borne to the earth with soiled leaves and faded sweets, and left to wither in the blast !”



“Nepaulian, be at peace,” said Edgar ; “the protection I have offered you, shall be extended to your child.”

The paternal solicitude which was beaming in the old man’s eye, suddenly gave place to the flash of anger, as he said bitterly ; “Aye, I know how thy race protect the flowers that blush around them, and gladly would I have died to keep their steps from my threshold ; but it pleased not Vishnu,—and his servant must not murmur.”

“Fear not for me,” cried Edgar, eagerly ; “name your wishes for your daughter, and if there be faith in man, they shall be complied with to the letter.”

There is something in genuine sincerity, which is difficult to counterfeit ; the tone, the air, the manner of this assurance appeared to shake the Hindu’s prejudices ; but they were too deeply rooted to be easily removed. “What seest thou yonder ?” he asked.


“The snowy peak of a mountain ;” replied Edgar, following the direction of his hand.

“Aye, it is snowy,” said the Nepaulian ;

“and that surface looks fair and pure ; but the hard rock and the deceitful precipice are below it. Such, our Gurus tell us, are thy race ; how then can I trust one of them, though his look be gentle as that of Camadeva, when he smiles on Rheti, and his words soft as the accents of the Raguinis ?”

“ You have known us as enemies,” said Edgar, “and of course judge us hardly ; but when an enemy is defenceless, an Englishman knows in him only a suffering fellow-being. In that light I offer to serve you : name the place where you would have your daughter conveyed ; she shall be lodged there, and I will see her no more.”

The eye of the old man was fixed upon him, as he spoke, with an intensity of gaze that seemed to wish to read his very soul, nor was it relaxed till some moments after he had ceased. “Can the evil genii dwell in such a face as that ?” he said, musingly ; “It were unmeet that I left my gentle flower exposed to the rude blast. It has howled roughly round my own head, and if it shatter the steadfast pine, how shall it fare with the rose bud ?” He turned abruptly to the English-




man. "When these eyes shall no longer gaze on the face they have loved, wilt thou bear her safely to the Omrah Zalim, in the valley of the Doonah? Thou wilt say aye, but how wilt thou bind thyself?—wilt thou swear by the holy water of the Gunga, and the nine incarnations of Vishnu? But thou believest not in Vishnu—thou despisest the sacred shastras—and how can faith or virtue dwell within thee?"

"I will swear," said Edgar, "by the honour of a man, and the weapon of a soldier;" and he raised his sword-hilt to his lips as he spoke.

"Be it so," said the Nepaulian; "and if thou fulfil not thy trust, may the chandelah deem himself polluted if his shadow fall upon thee: may thy transmigrations be the vilest, and when they cease, may thy portion be in the depths of Narekha; mayest thou be tormented with burning thirst, and lack both water and the assuaging grass; may thy groans be drowned in the hiss of the Nagas as they coil round thee, rejoicing in the agonies of him, who after having sworn to cherish the rose of friendship, poisoned its sweets with the breath of deceit, exposed its

withered leaves to tremble in the blast of obloquy, and buried them in the snows of neglect."

As he uttered this denunciation, his air was stern and lofty, his voice seemed to acquire unusual depth and impressiveness, and the eye over which the dull film had already begun to steal, flashed even more than its accustomed fire. But it was only for a moment—he turned towards his daughter—his face was unseen as he bent over her ; but when he raised it, the traces of some strong emotion were fading from his cheek, and there was a tear that trembled on the eye-lid, unable to return, and ashamed to fall. "Bless thee, Luslaya !" he said ; " may he who slumbers on the lotus leaf, shelter thee from the snow blast of adversity ; and may Cali strew her path for thee with the roses of delight, their fragrant bosoms watered with the soft dews of contentment. Mayest thou never lean for support on the hollow bamboo of deceit, but twine the tendrils of thy love round the palm of honour ; may the thread of thy fate be woven of sunbeams, and wound round the tree of happiness for ever."




His voice had been gradually growing feebler during the delivery of this benediction, and at its close he strained his arm round his child, with an almost convulsive grasp ; but after a few moments it gradually relaxed. His form was evidently sinking, when with an effort which seemed to task every particle of his remaining strength, he raised himself, fixed his eye steadfastly on the Englishman, and pointed his finger emphatically to heaven. His arm was still raised in this attitude, when he slowly fell back, and when Edgar sprang forward to raise him, he found only a corpse in his arms.

CHAPTER II.

" That face, all beaming though it be
With youth, and health, and beauty, hath a touch
Of pensiveness withal ; and that dark eye,
Tho' sparkling with a radiance that might win
The Ghebre from his idol, hath a chaste
Subdued expression, as if once its light
Was dimmed by many tears—tears shed o'er scenes
'Tis bitterness to think on ; when the sword
Did reap the country's cornfields, and the hoof
Of the proud war-horse pressed her grapes ; and when
The blood of patriot martyrs was poured forth
Upon the earth like water."

FORGET-ME-NOT.

THE sun had long since quitted the part of the globe which is the scene of our present history, and was gone to carry to other lands that light which was originally given to guide the



steps of innocence to the temple of virtue, but which now as often rouses hatred to feed upon the groans of his victim—fraud to weave anew its subtle web, and gloat over the strength of its meshes—slander to seek fresh venom for its fang—and ambition to shew shuddering humanity how closely its nature can approximate to that of the fiend. But here, all discordant things were, or at least seemed to be, at rest; and every feature of the scene was tranquillity and repose. Though the evening breeze had died away, and the leaves even of the highest sakoo's and champas hung stiff and motionless, there was yet a refreshing coolness in the air, which was rendered doubly delicious from its contrast with the oppressive blaze which but a few hours before had seemed to make the very face of nature look faint and feverish. The atmosphere had all the delightful clearness which is the true glory of an eastern night, and is utterly unknown in European climates. The moon shed over the scenery a flood of light, whose lustre was almost a mimic day, while its beauty was such as day could never

hope to equal. Under its influence, the Nepaul hills assumed a loftier and more imposing character; above them all, even the mighty Sheo-puri, the Titan snow-peaks of Himalaya rose against the sky, in bold outline, seeming to mingle with the visible heaven, and hold commune with the brilliant Canopus, then rising over their heads in the full lustre of that beauty which renders it the glory of the hemisphere in which it shines, and has given it so frequent and so conspicuous a place in eastern song.

On the side of the hill which sinks down into the beautiful valley of Doona, there was a point where the descent was interrupted by a small tract of level ground, partially covered with bushes; above which a sissoo of larger size than ordinary, threw the sward into shadow for some yards round it, and seemed to mark the spot as one of grateful shelter from the burning heat of a mid-day sun. Nor had its advantages in this respect been overlooked, as was evident from a tent pitched close to the side of the thicket; while beyond, and immediately under the shade of the sissoo, was another of smaller dimensions,

but fitted up with greater attention to comfort; at the entrance of which a small opening in the curtains might give to the curious eye a partial view of one of those wicker seats called dhokas, generally used for the conveyance of females across the Nepaul hills, and sufficiently indicate the reason of this unusual care.

A soldier in European uniform was pacing to and fro before the larger tent, whose measured tread was occasionally interrupted for a moment as the sound of a low laugh from the other side of the thicket broke in upon the peaceful silence of the scene. This evidently came from a small party of soldiers, in an adjacent hollow, who were stretched in various attitudes of relaxation or repose, as inclination prompted, and whose intercourse, though conducted in the suppressed tone which hinted the near neighbourhood of a superior, became louder at intervals, as a successful hit at a comrade, or a humorous anecdote of olden time, caused the risibility of some of the party to get the better of their caution. The meditative mind might have deemed these sounds a sacrilegious disturbing of nature in her loveliest

repose; but they appeared, by the interrupted step and averted head, to be far more consonant to the feelings of the sentinel, than a solitary walk and a commune with the silent stars in the most beautiful light that was ever streamed upon earth by the bounty of heaven.

But the sounds were hushed, and the tread resumed in all the trained regularity of discipline, as the curtain of the larger tent was raised, and Edgar Arlington issued from it. "The messengers are not arrived yet?" he said, as he passed the sentinel.

"No, sir; I thought I heard sounds in that direction a few minutes back, but they died off."

"Listen!" said the officer; "something comes."

A faint sound was distinguishable in the distance as he spoke; they advanced, and footsteps were soon audible.

"Who goes there?" challenged the sentinel.

"Nepauls," was the answer.

"Advance Nepauls," returned the man, grounding his musket; and a detachment in the same

uniform were in a few moments saluting their officer.

“Any hope of Zalim’s life?” he enquired of the sergeant who commanded.

“He is already dead, sir,” was the answer; “and the rebellious ryots are quite masters of the village. The old Omrah has not spoken since they cut him down.”

“It is very unfortunate for the poor girl,” mused Edgar, as he walked away; “I must learn her plans for the future—she must not remain here an hour longer than necessity compels.”

He approached the smaller tent, his step becoming lighter as he did so, under the solemnizing influence of that mingling of respect and compassion, which a delicate mind feels in the presence of sorrow, and his voice insensibly softening as he paused at the entrance, and pronounced the name of “Luslaya!”

“Who calls on the orphan?” said a voice within, the mournfulness of whose accent could not disguise the music of its tones; and immediately afterwards a veiled figure stood before

the entrance, and acknowledged the presence of the officer in the eastern manner.

"I would not have disturbed you at this hour," he said gently, "but it has become my duty to apprise you that our business at Doona Baisi is ended."

"Then the noble Zalim's light is indeed extinguished," she enquired, all but inaudibly, but in a tone of such utter wretchedness that Edgar turned away in silence. A pause ensued, which was broken by her resuming in a voice whose melancholy was more subdued, but perhaps on that account even more touching than before, "The mantle of Ladja, the shame-faced daughter of Brahma, be on the head of the selfish one! The sun of his race is gone down, and she has ungenerously remembered the loss of her own little portion of his beams, when she should have wept for the darkness and desolation of a people."

"Their loss is certainly a severe one," said Edgar; "the absence of a leader at such a moment is difficult to be repaired. All is disorder in the village, and we cannot well be too early

in removing from it. Not that you have any cause for personal apprehension," he added, glancing a little proudly towards his soldiers, "but such scenes are not for eyes like yours. Whither shall we conduct you now?"

"I know not," she said; "the eye of Aruna, from the time that he lashes his fiery steeds over the eastern mountains, till it sinks to slumber behind the golden curtains of the west, beams not now on one who is the friend of Luslaya."

"Surely among your own race—" pursued Edgar, but hesitatingly, for he feared to touch a wound at every word.

"No," she said, in a decisive tone; "a ceremony omitted at the last Poojah of Hainooman—it may seem slight to thee, stranger, but thou knowest not the customs of our people—has caused the stream of separation to flow between them and the proscribed one, and she is now the plant of the desert.—Solitude and desolation are around her: there are none to shelter her from the blast, and when she sinks before its power, there are none to weep for her. There was *one* who loved her as Cama loves the Amra

flower, but the dove of affection flutters her wings round his heart in vain. It will beat at her call no more."

The remembrance of her father quite subdued the firmness she had hitherto maintained ; and it was some minutes before Edgar felt himself able to prosecute his irksome but imperative duty of again urging her to reflect whether there was no one to whom he could conduct her. But he still received the same reply. "Luslaya has no friend but Vishnu;" she said, raising her fine eyes meekly to heaven ; "leave her to his care, stranger. It may be that her path shall be dark and rugged, but the dweller in Vaicontha will be her guide. He will not forsake the lorn one in her sorrows."

"And when *I* do, may the next shot bring me down !" cried the young soldier ; "and yet I can offer you no protection *here*, where I come but as a foe ; nor would even the manners of my home be suitable to your habits and feelings. But there is no other way. My mother has a residence at Barrackpore ; its shelter shall be yours ; and if we cannot make you forget your

sufferings, we will at least render their remembrance less bitter."

"May the smile of Brahma rest on him who would be the orphan's friend!" she said with enthusiasm; "but this may not be. Our ways are not the ways of thy people; and could a daughter of Hainooman quit her faith, and the customs of her country, to follow the usages, and worship the gods of the stranger? Would not the Dewtah's frown chase all the stars from her heaven? Would not her father's spirit mourn over her whom he had cherished only to bring dishonour on his tomb? No, stranger; Luslaya can die, if it so please Vishnu: but she cannot do this!"

"I do not think of it," replied Edgar, eagerly; "I know your customs are strict, but they shall all be respected. You shall chuse an attendant to accompany you, be provided with everything necessary to the free exercise of your faith, and if, after you have known something more of us, you still continue to desire it, you shall live in as strict seclusion as in your father's cottage.

All I wish is to offer you an asylum ; the nature of it shall be regulated by yourself."

The tear of gratitude swam in her eye, as she raised it timidly for a moment to her protector's face, and lowered it hastily on perceiving that his was fixed upon her with that expression of honest interest which deceit can rarely counterfeit. "Do with Luslaya as thou wilt," she said ; "she fears no evil at thy hand ; and he who in three steps traversed the earth, the ocean, and the heaven, will smile upon the guardian of the friendless."

"Rest the men four hours longer," said Edgar to the sergeant, as he passed him on his way to his tent ; "and then see every thing ready for moving. We must be well on our way before sunrise."

The man touched his cap in silence, and in a few minutes the slow and measured tread of the sentinel was the only sound that broke in upon the solemn stillness of the scene.


CHAPTER III.

" You have so o'erpowered me
With unexpected kindness, that my tongue
Is mute, and speech too scanty to express
My inward gratitude—I cannot thank you."

TRAP.

SEVERAL months had passed since the preceding occurrences—the Nepaul war was ended, and Edgar had returned home to find his young protégée, not only as far as the restraints of her race and religion permitted, quietly domesticated in his family circle, but endeared to its members by the simplicity and innocence of her character, the quiet gentleness of her manners, and the lively gratitude which she evinced for the protection accorded her. In the last feeling,

Edgar himself had naturally a large share ; and this tended to increase his interest in her pursuits and welfare. It was indeed scarcely possible to look without interest on one so young, so artless, so unfitted by nature and habit to mingle with the world, wholly dependant on the bounty of strangers, and without a single being whose kindred blood might give her a claim on his affections. Edgar, at least, felt this impossibility, and that it was now become his duty to supply, as far as possible, the absence of her natural protectors. To this end he employed himself sedulously to lessen the irksomeness of her association with beings so dissimilar, and to give her mind a cultivation to which Hindu females are strangers. He opened to her as well the rich stores of European literature, as those of her own country ; and found a pleasure for himself in contemplating the gradual expansion of her mind from its first tumult of surprise, as every fresh wonder opened upon its view, till it had succeeded in comprehending it, and was prepared for a still greater. Lulaya, on her part, was quite lost in astonishment



at the new and beautiful world thus laid open to her ; and her mind, released from the trammels in which it had been fettered, wandered from wonder to wonder—as the unsealed eye of one who had been sightless from his cradle might roam over the visible creation, dazzled, bewildered, confounded with excess, but still eagerly pressing forward, striving to catch at least some of the rays of beauty and glory which stream round it so copiously ; and feeling the moment which compels it for a while to shut out the splendid vision, like a return to its primeval night.


“ What does not Luslaya owe thee ! ” she said ; “ s he has been buried in the dark cavern of ignorance, and thou hast brought her forth, and unfolded to her all the beauty of a mind’s heaven, with its thousand eyes of glory.”

“ Very far from *all* the beauty,” replied Edgar ; “ what you have yet seen is but a dim and distant glimpse of the material and the intellectual universe. Indeed, your idea of a mind’s heaven is a more correct one than you dream of. You look at a number of objects,

bright indeed, and beautiful; but like the stars, they are to you only gems more lustrous and sparkling than those you see on earth. You know not that each of them contains wonders far beyond your powers of investigation, and perhaps inexhaustible to heavenly minds themselves."

"I never heard that," said Luslaya, ponderingly; "I know that what you call stars, are the eyes of the great god Indra; but I never heard of the wonders they contained. Yet why should it not be so?—is it more astonishing than that his tree Pariyataka, which the mighty Crishna took, and bestowed on Satyavama, should yield everything that the heart can sigh a wish for?"

It was not the first time that Edgar had found his explanations involve him in the labyrinths of Hindoo mythology. Indeed a belief, whose wild but beautiful exuberance pervaded all animate nature, and swarmed not only grove and hill, and river, but flower, and leaf, and grass-blade, with imaginary divinities, made it almost impossible to stir a step, without startling some



wood or Dhurva nymph from her lair, or rousing some ghoul or siltim from his unholy slumbers. Edgar felt that the time had not arrived when the drawing this misguided but guileless being to the bosom of a more pure and hallowed faith was a thing to be hoped for ; but he had early adopted the plan of weaning her, as far as possible, from some of the slighter associations of her creed, without alarming her by too rude a shock upon its deeper prejudices. He often, however, found it difficult to disentangle the one from the other ; and the difficulty was not a little enhanced by the fact that the being, who on all other subjects received every word as from an oracle, shrunk like the sensitive plant, from anything which seemed, even in the most distant manner, to cast discredit on her country's faith. On the present occasion he had proceeded no farther than "The stars are not eyes, Luslaya,"—when she interrupted him with mingled eagerness and terror :

"Oh ! speak not impiously of the great Indra—thou knowest not the power of the king of the genii of the seasons, and one of the four supporters of the universe. And yet thou must have

seen his mighty bow in the clouds, when he looks down from his throne, and beholds his children. If he bend that bow in his wrath, what would the friend of the orphan do?"

"No God is wrathful when his children speak the truth," said Edgar, evasively; "and I assure you that some of those stars are suns, like the one you see above you."

There was a pause, during which Luslaya seemed to be summoning all her mental energies to the task of comprehending this idea. At last a gleam of intelligence and joy broke over her speaking features, and she exclaimed, with much animation, "Praise be to the mighty Brahma! —I thought it could not be that one who loved his children should yet speak lightly of their Dewtah. We have both drunk of the waters of the stream of truth, but thou hast been further from the fountain; thy people have thrown garlands into the stream, which have made *the taste* of the waters to differ, but they are still the same. That which thou callest the sun is the great god Surya—he who reclines behind the bright-eyed Arun, the charioteer of the seven

green steeds—so that in saying the stars are suns, thou dost not deny their divinity, but merely mistakest the name of the Dewtah who calls them his.”

“ You easily reconcile this part of the subject,” said Edgar, with a slight smile ; “ but what will you say, when I tell you that some of these stars are worlds like our own ? ”

“ That thou alludest to the fourteen bhubuns, the spheres of the soul,” replied Luslaya ; “ only they are not like our own ; for while the six logues above us are the dwelling places of superior natures, the seven below are inhabited but by serpents, horrid in their nature and infinite in their dreadful variety. Oh ! when the poor Hindu’s heart shall cease to beat, and her spirit shall be conveyed to Yamapoor, may it be preserved from their terrible companionship, and if it be not worthy an entrance into the first heaven, at least have its transmigration to some form on earth ! ”


“ And what form would you select, if the choice were allowed you ? ” inquired Edgar.

“ Can’st thou ask ? ” she replied, with quickness ; and the sadness which had become the

habitual expression of her face vanished for an instant before the enthusiasm which flashed upon her cheek, and rekindled the fire of her beautiful eye; "Oh! I would be a bird—that if it were denied me to enter Pona Lokum, the abode of the blessed, I might at least sometimes soar towards it, and when I sought the earth, make my resting place in the valley of Chitlong, and pour forth my song over the sweet scenes of my early love, and the grave of him who sleeps among them."

"You would fly from us, then?" said Edgar, in a playful tone, but not unmoved by the unusual exhibition of deep feeling which had burst from his young companion.

Her glance sunk upon the ground; it was some moments before she answered, and when she spoke, her enthusiastic tone had given place to one of softness and timidity. "It might be, that a wearied wing and a dangerous flight would be sometimes dared to sing the stranger to his rest, and to drop at his feet, as he wandered forth, a sprig of the Mimosa, to be his guard against the spell and evil eye."



CHAPTER IV.

“ I'm pleased and pained, since first her eyes I saw,
As I were stung by some tarantala.
Arms and the dusty field I less admire,
And soften strangely in some new desire ;
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
But pale as fires when mastered by the light.
E'en while I speak and look I change the more,
And now am nothing what I was before.
I'm numbed and fixed, and scarce my eye-balls move ;
I fear it is the lethargy of love.”

DRYDEN.

“ Now, my good fellow, be reasonable ; make the story as good as you please, only don't look as if you expected us to believe it.”

The speaker was a young man, of somewhat prepossessing appearance, less from the hand-


someness of his features, than from the air of frankness and good humour which was stamped upon them. He was reclined listlessly on a sofa, in an apartment whose decorations bespoke the union of splendour and taste ; and a degree of languor was visible both in his person and carriage. Yet there was that in the tone of his voice, and the occasional flash of his keen and rapid eye, which seemed to trace it less to effeminacy or indolence of character, than to the overpowering effects of a sun, which, though considerably past the meridian, as was indicated by the remains of an unremoved tiffin on a table near him, had as yet lost but little of its intensity. And though this intensity was counteracted as far as possible by the incessant playing of the punkahs, the continued sprinklings of the floor, and the close-drawn jealousies of every window, except one, which opening upon the Ganges, at once disclosed a view of the beautiful bend of the river, to which the Botanic Garden has given the name of the Garden Reach, and invited the entrance of any light current of air that might float across the sacred waters, the general heat of the

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atmosphere was oppressive enough to justify even a greater degree of languor than was visible in the appearance of the youth, who at the moment of the reader's introduction to him, was exclaiming, "Now, my good fellow, be reasonable; make the story as good as you please, only don't look as if you expected us to believe it."

The observation was addressed to a fine young man, in the regimental undress of the day, who very eagerly replied, "Whether you believe it or not, Aimwell, I pledge my honour to the fact."

"Now, don't be so vehement," rejoined the first speaker; "you only make matters worse. Is it reasonable, Clara? Here has this Arlington, by a series of adventures, worthy the best age of knight-errantry, become the champion, the guardian, the very preceptor of the loveliest wood-nymph that has brushed the dew-drops from the grass since the days of Diana; the very personification of all the beauties and graces that eye ever beheld, or imagination dreamed of; and he dares to persist, that he is not distractedly in love with her. Now, I say this




is such utter treason to all the right and proper rules of romance, that if, by a distant shade of possibility, it could happen to be true, he should be ashamed to own it. Don't you think so?"

The question was addressed to a young and elegant girl, who was seated somewhat apart from the others, near the open window which we have mentioned, making a sketch of one of the beautiful Hindoo pagodas which line the bank of the river; and whose small but graceful head, seen indistinctly through an opening in the grove of bamboos, plaintains, and pumel-rosas which surrounded it, imparted to the whole of the scenery a calm and hallowed character—a gentle impressiveness, not powerful enough to be called awe, nor decided enough to be reverential; but still sufficiently in accordance with the nobler and loftier sources of feeling, to strike on chords of the soul which the hand of mere beauty knows not how to touch, and which make the spirit feel within itself the evidence of its immortality.

As she sat partly in the shade of one of the jealousies, and almost facing the open window,




her features were of course hidden ; but her occupation disclosed, in its full elegance, a small but gracefully rounded form ; and the parting here and there of the bright auburn tresses, which fell in rich clusters on her faultless shoulders, shewed that the neck over which they waved, was as fair as has ever been likened to marble, by those who have not felt that no marble was ever half so lovely. A stranger might have remarked, that when the charge of love for his protégée was brought against Edgar, her attention had seemed as much directed to the conversation, as to her employment ; but this might have been curiosity. It happened also, that just at the moment when the question was put to her, her head was bent over her drawing with more than renewed assiduity ; but this might have been from a desire of recovering the minutes she had lost. It seemed too, that at the same moment, the glimpses of her neck, over which the glossy ringlets waved so gracefully, had acquired a slight rose-tint ; but this might have been a flush from the heat of the apartment : certain it is, that as she raised



her head to answer, and disclosed a face whose dazzling loveliness was every way worthy of the form to which it belonged, no trace of embarrassment lingered over its beauty. Her polished forehead was without a cloud ; the fine arch of that expressive feature, the eyebrow, was unbroken ; the glance of the brilliant hazel-eye which beamed under it, was untroubled, and even playful in its expression ; and an arch smile dimpled round her beautiful and somewhat pouting lip, as she replied,—“ Really, Francis, I can be no judge of the state of Captain Arlington’s heart.”

“ I assure you, on my honour, Miss Aimwell,” said Edgar, “ this is only some of your brother’s bantering. An interest, a warm friendly interest, I certainly take in the poor girl’s welfare ; and this I think any one, who considers her youth, innocence, and helplessness, and the peculiar course of misfortune which has driven her where she is, would find it difficult to withhold.”

“ They would, indeed,” replied Clara, every trace of playfulness at once leaving her face, and



her fine eyes kindling with interest. "Misfortune has always a strong claim on our sympathies, —especially the misfortunes of the young; the first storms of a heart that has hitherto known nothing but sunshine. But there is generally some one to share our sorrows; and this participation insensibly soothes them. Or if all the voices which made our heart-music are silent, it is something to gaze upon the places where they were once heard, to move among the scenes which have been endeared by their association, and which, even while they recal our loss, have something in their look which makes us feel not quite left desolate; but to lose everything at once, as this poor girl has done—to have life so utter a desert, that no breeze which comes to us can bring us the fragrance of one flower in its passage—is indeed a thing to rouse the sympathies of any one not callous to every human feeling. My heart has quite bled for her."

"I am sure it has," said Edgar, with some warmth; "and I regret that the custom of strict seclusion, which forms a part of her very faith, prevents my asking for her the consolation

which your society would give her, and which I am sure, you would willingly bestow."

"Oh, indeed I would!" she exclaimed, the rich tones of her voice mellowing with the interest with which she spoke. "I should be delighted to watch over such a being, as over a gentle and cherished sister,—to wean her spirit from its useless broodings on the past, by distracting it with a perpetual succession of little pleasures—such pleasures as steal imperceptibly into the soul, without alarming it by too direct a contrast to its feelings,—to make her abode, at least, something like her home, and throw as thick a veil as possible over such strange things as I could not *quite* hide,—to draw for her—to work for her—to think for her—to talk to her—to sing to her—to give her no rest, in short, till I had made life again have something to interest her, by forcing her to love me."

"And can Miss Aimwell think that any force would be necessary?" asked Edgar.

"Nay, if you begin to flatter," said Clara, "I shall go on with my work;" and her graceful head was again bent over her drawing.

"Talking of flattery," said Francis, "naturally reminds one of beaux. I believe I forgot to tell you that Clara is about to have a new one. Cousin Dick writes me word, that he shall be with us to-morrow. You know Dick Martindale, I think, Arlington?"

"Cornet Martindale, of the —th."

"And why such a grave look upon the business, if it is? You have not taken an oath to run him through the body as soon as he comes, I hope."

"So far from it, I bear him no enmity whatever. But I am afraid there is some ill blood on his side."

"Oh! I remember hearing something about it. You reported him for a breach of discipline, when he served under you in the Carnatic, did you not?"

"I did: but I could not have avoided it, had he been my own brother. The feelings of others were involved, and the thing insisted on. The Colonel, indeed, ought to have passed it over; but he chose to make so much of it, that

high words followed, and Martindale left us in disgust."

"But why should he be so angry with you, because he quarrelled with his Colonel? I might as well scold Clara, because my kitmudhar has taught my parrot to swear."

"I only speak from report, for we have never met since; but I hear he looks upon himself as disgraced, and blames me for the whole of it; while, in truth, he could not himself regret the business more than I did. However, he will not be brought to think so, I suppose; for an angry man is seldom a just one."

"True, and Dick's brains are sprinkled with pepper, I know. However, he has had ample time to cool, and if he has not learnt reason yet, I will make him. We cannot afford schisms in such small circles as ours; particularly as he has given up the army altogether, and is come to settle down among us."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed. But do not bring down the corners of your eyebrows again—you have no notion how it spoils a passably decent coun-

tenance. I tell you you shall be good friends—you will find him a remarkably pleasant fellow. I have been uncommonly pleased with him.”

“Have you seen much of him lately, then?” enquired Edgar, with an uneasy glance at Clara.

“Oh yes; he has been with us a great deal while you were frightening the Chuckoars, and picking up distressed damsels in Nepaul. Indeed, I believe we are indebted to you for his society—as far as permanency goes, at least.”

“What possible hand could I have had in his arrangements?—of course he consulted his own comfort and convenience.”

“Now that I call very ungallant, and in a lady’s presence; though no doubt that had *some* hand in it. But there was a forlorn damsel at Barrackpore as well as at Nepaul; for when you left us, Clara found out that she had not beaux enough here to spare one out of the number; and I believe half coaxed Martindale into the settlement, that she might have a supply at hand another time.”

“And does Miss Aimwell plead guilty to the charge of enticing the Company’s officers to

desert?" inquired Edgar, in a tone almost too gay to be quite natural.

"You gentlemen are very unreasonable sometimes," she replied, with a light laugh; "when did you ever hear a lady confess to one beau her badinage with another? Alas! for the empire of beauty, if we did. However, I think I may allow cousin Martindale to be very agreeable, very good-natured, and—and—I suppose I must not say very handsome, before two young gentlemen, must I?"

"Why, I think you may," said her brother; "We shall understand that you do not mean *so* very handsome as ourselves. But he is really an excellent fellow, is he not, father?"

"3, 4, 5, 6, £679. 10s. 8d. sterling," murmured an elderly gentleman in spectacles, who, seated at a side-table with a large ledger before him, had hitherto borne no part in the conversation; "that will not balance now. Did you speak to me, Frank?"

"I merely asked if you did not think Martindale an excellent fellow?"

"Very. He gave me a hint of the tottering

of the silk merchant at Moorshedabad, and I got my money before he failed."

"Fie, fie!" cried Clara; "we speak of his gentlemanly manners—his wit—his knowledge of music——"

"Ah! that is the worst piece of folly in him," interrupted Mr. Aimwell; "he would have been a first-rate man of business if he had not bestowed so much time upon trash."

"Now, my dear papa," said Clara; "how can you couple such a word with the name of music? Its pleasures may not be so vivid and intoxicating as those which we derive from some other sources: but surely they are among the purest and the holiest which we can know. I cannot imagine a state in which the human mind approaches nearer to the angelic, than that in which music leaves it; with all its finest chords vibrating; with all its best and noblest sympathies awakened; and yet with a tranquillity so sweet, so dreamy, so hallowing, that it seems to have no affinity with anything that belongs to earth."

"These are some of your wild fancies, silly

girl," said Mr. Aimwell; "where did you ever find one of your musical geniuses a man of sense, —one who could keep a set of books, or tell a manifest from a charter party? Don't tell me; music is a mere drug in the market. But enough of it. I always like to talk of things that are edifying and interesting to every one. Captain Arlington, what is your opinion of indigo? Is it true that it is looking up, think you?"

"If I must confess my ignorance," said Edgar, "I never heard that it had looked down."

"Well," said Mr. Aimwell, resuming his pen, which had dropped from his hand during the musical discussion, and carefully examining the nib to see if it had been injured by the fall; "you must excuse me—I have an intricate account here, which I find I cannot settle without reference to some invoice files: I must take it into the counting-house. I assure you, as Clara says, you will find Martindale an excellent young man. I recollect the last time he was here, one of my clerks had taken no less

than four fianos which were deficient in weight, and he got them exchanged for me without the loss of a single pice. A most excellent young man, indeed."

CHAPTER V.

“Why dost thou shake thy brows with that stern look ?
Speak.”

LEE. .

WE are greatly indebted to contrast. By the knowledge and comparison of opposites, we form those general ideas which store our minds with moral and intellectual treasures. We look on the deformity of vice, and turn to adore with deeper admiration the loveliness of virtue ; we rise from the bed of sickness to feel for the first time in its truth and its fulness the blessing of health ; we behold the extremes of parsimony and extravagance, of arrogance and sycophancy, of cowardice and rashness, of superstition and scepticism, and learn that what is truly estimable

is equally removed from both. As we thus acquire correct general principles, we carry them into our hearts; and our feelings become ennobled, our sympathies quickened, our tastes refined, our affections subtilized, and a foundation laid on which, but for the counteracting influence of worldly things upon the passions, would be raised a temple dedicated to active virtue, whose proportions should be faultless—whose marble without a stain—whose priests should be Honor and Incorruptibility—whose altar the ashes of consumed earthly idols—whose incense, the grateful breath of innocence shielded from oppression, and the sighs of suffering hearts made glad—whose offerings should be unholy thoughts made pure, unholy feelings sanctified, restless passions subdued, and proud and towering imaginations brought low;—and whose presiding power, the Sacred Dove, whose divine influence at once incites, and fosters, and perfects, and hallows the blessed principle of universal love.

Nor are the benefits of contrast by any means confined to the great things of life. It is an

admirable instance of the goodness of our Creator that the elements of enjoyment pervade alike the loftiest and the lowest of his works. The sunbeams of the 'moral universe, they shine as brightly on the valley primrose as on the mountain glacier, and shed as rich a flood of glory on the whitewashed walls of the cottager, as on the tapestried chamber of the king. Contrast, in its power and its beauty—in its voice of instruction and its capability of heightening our enjoyment of the sweet things of life, enters as fully and as amply into the minutest as into the greatest—is felt as much in the gurgle of the brook as in the roar of the cataract—in the whisper of the breeze, as in the roll of the thunder—and it was indeed in this last, that its power was efficiently and gratefully felt at the moment of which we write. For as the tops of the trees which line the Esplanade at Calcutta wore their most welcome hue—the faint tintings of the setting sun, the breeze which stole gently in across the Ganges, breathing freshness and fragrance wherever it came, was rendered doubly grateful to the throngs which had flocked thither to enjoy it, from its delicious contrast to the

intense heat that had so lately cast a languor and faintness over both animal and vegetable nature, which seemed for a time to suspend in a great measure the functions of both.

It needs not to be remarked, that in order to complete this and every such picture, shades are as indispensable as lights ; and it is scarcely more necessary to add, that the fact of their contributing so largely and so finely to the general effect of the whole, takes not one particle from their natural and individual darkness. Considered apart, and by themselves, they are at best gloomy and unsightly things ; things on which neither the mind, nor the eye, can look lovingly ; and these, as well as the lights, were now in operation on the esplanade : for while the gay groups that were enjoying the delicious cool of the evening, and the gentle fanning of the breeze, as it came whisperingly through the foliage, as fearing to waken the day-god again from his welcome slumber, were busied in comparing it with the feverish heat which had just subsided, Edgar Arlington, though from his position of indolent reclining against one of the

trees at the end of the walk, he appeared to be inhaling the breeze with a languid and voluptuous delight, was in fact contrasting his present feelings of inquietude and vexation, with the pleasurable emotions which his promenades on the esplanade had been wont to call forth; and absorbed in his own little sepulchre of gloom, was thinking as little of the enjoyments of those around him, as the traveller who is drenched by a mountain-storm, does of those who, from the safety and comfort of their homes, are regaling themselves with the additional sublimity which it is imparting to the surrounding scenery.

There are, perhaps, few who have not observed while gazing on a sun-lit scene, how suddenly the appearance of the landscape has changed. A degree of darkness has come over it; the smiling beauty which appeared almost animated, is in a moment exchanged for a cold, harsh, and uncheering aspect. The objects which composed the scene, remain the same;—not a grace has quitted a form—not a colour has left a flower—not a breeze has disturbed an outline,—and yet

all looks different. *A cloud has come over the scene* ; and the rich light which was poured over the face of nature, is for a time withdrawn. In like manner, we sometimes find the bright things of life, suddenly lose the most exquisite part of their beauty ;—they surround us as they have ever done,—they offer to minister to our enjoyments as they have been wont to do ; and their capabilities to do so, remained unchanged and undiminished — yet that which formerly appeared so enchanting, has become tame and indifferent, if not absolutely repulsive,—*a cloud has come over the sun of the heart* and its absence teaches us how much we were indebted to it for the charms which we had imagined to reside in the objects themselves. Those objects are still before us ;—but they are before us like the unfinished painting, on which the magic of *mind* has yet to be exerted to produce those mighty effects of light and shade, which breathe life and immortality over the canvas : they are before us like the harp, when there is no hand to rouse the spirit of music from her slumber among its strings ; and which with power to

cause all the chords of feeling to make sweet harmonies to the soul, stands voiceless, and un-awakening as the grave.

In this situation was Edgar. He had gone on from day to day, dilating in the enjoyments around him, finding in every thing which surrounded his steps, a redolence, a beauty, breathing of the poetry of life, in a thousand varied and delicious forms ; nor dreaming how much of their richness and enchantment had been owing to the sunlight of Clara's companionship, till the cloud which now intervened in the person of Martindale, had in the same instant pointed out the source of his enjoyments, and withdrawn it from him. True, Clara's society, in the strict sense of the word, was as open to him as ever ; but the appearance of a young, handsome, and unmarried participator, had taught him that it was not merely in this sense that its enjoyment had consisted ; and though he had again and again convinced himself that he ought not to be dissatisfied—that Martindale, as Francis Aimwell had suggested, might prove rather an acquisition than otherwise

to the family circle, which, *of course*, was all that was, or could be interesting to him,—yet he did not find that he experienced greater enjoyment in the beauty of the hour, and the gaiety of the scene around him, since he had set his mind quite at ease, than he had done before.

~~Still~~ his mind *was* at ease; there was no disputing that—and why not join them on the course, as he had been accustomed to do? True, he was a little out of spirits—no one is always precisely the same—but that might not be noticed. Still it might make him appear at a disadvantage beside Martindale; and before Clara too—it would be better to avoid them. And yet it would look particular—perhaps, too, Clara would be expecting him, and Martindale might think he feared to meet him.

The last thought was conclusive; and almost before it had fairly taken possession of his mind, he had started from his meditative position, and was breaking somewhat unceremoniously through a crowd assembled round a native, who was going through the ceremony of the swing, in

order to recover caste, on his way towards the spot where his sice awaited him with his horse.

The course was thronged with the beauty and fashion of the capital. The glittering uniforms of the officers,—the gay dresses of the ladies,—and the vivid colours and splendid adornments of the native costume, vied with each other in richness and brilliancy; and as the handsome figure of Edgar, shewn to its best advantage on his light and graceful Arabian, was seen winding its way among the curricles, palanquins, hackeries, and tonjons, with the chaprassies, chobdars, sotaburdars, hurkarus, and the other ad infinitum of silversticks, the attention which he excited, the smiles and greetings of fair lips, and the covert glances of bright eyes, made the estimation in which he was held sufficiently obvious. His returns to these demonstrations, though bland and courteous, were less animated, and less protracted than they might have been at another moment; for he had already distinguished at a short distance, the form, whose elegance and symmetry, indeed, were not easily to be overlooked, whatever might be those which

surrounded it. Almost in the same instant, his eye rested on a fine, dark, military-looking man, who was holding a close and animated, and as appeared by his countenance, a not uninteresting conversation with his fair neighbour.

“He seems to have established himself on tolerable terms already,” murmured Edgar. “Pardon, Major ; I really did not see you.—What self-complacency there is in the fellow’s manner, too.—To be sure, he is her cousin, a convenient name sometimes.—There, he smiles again.—Well, well ! why should he not ?—It can be of no possible consequence to me ;” and catching the eye of Francis at the same moment, at the next he was by the side of the party.

In criticising the behaviour of a person whose good opinion of us we doubt, we are very apt to take for granted, that our own demeanor is perfectly unobjectionable ; and consequently to lay everything that may be unsatisfactory in the result on the shoulders of the opposite party. In the spirit of this mode of judging, Edgar had already decided in his mind that Mr. Mar-

tindale's stately bow and air of cold politeness, were evidences of unabated enmity, when his attention was drawn to the possibility of there having been some constraint in his own manner, by Clara's exclaiming,

"I really cannot allow this, gentlemen. I could fancy the stone idols of two opposite pagodas rising to salute each other. And I want you to be such friends, too—I see I must assume the mediator; and as I have already your assurance, Captain Arlington, that there is no ill-will on your part, and yours, Cousin Richard, that the explanation we gave you this morning is quite satisfactory, I order you, on pain of my high displeasure, to shake hands immediately."

Edgar fancied that Martindale's brow contracted, rather than cleared at the fair speaker's injunction; but the discovery that his own manner had unconsciously been tinged by this feeling made him rather distrustful of conclusions drawn in his present frame of mind; and he was the more satisfied when his companion's hand was extended with a frank manner and

a cordial smile, coupled with the assurance that he regretted having entertained for a moment any opinions to his prejudice.

But though thus satisfied on one point, he was by no means so on the other ; and that other was, in fact, the only one which made the first of any importance—the probability of Martindale's proving a successful rival in the heart where he was now first made conscious of a desire to reign without one, being the only thing which made his opinions, or even his very existence, a matter for a second thought. On this part of the subject, he was indeed less at rest than before ; for the unrestrained intercourse and good understanding, which evidently subsisted between the cousins, afforded ample food for annoying conjecture ; a food which was rather increased than diminished by the fact, that all conjecture on such a point must necessarily be very vague. He had been absent ; during which time his rival, as he considered him, had been in undisturbed possession of the field ; and the very ease of manner and gentlemanly politeness with which he now began to

treat Edgar, might result from feeling himself above the fear of his rivalry. If the gentleman's behaviour served thus to stimulate his anxiety, that of the lady was no way calculated to allay it. For Clara, whether from a reciprocation of the same kindly feeling, or in order to make some amends for the coldness and reserve which still occasionally marked Edgar's tone, was so gracious towards Martindale, that our hero found his situation become every moment more irksome ; and feeling that he was losing his self-command, deemed it most prudent to retire. The parting compliments had been scarcely paid, and his eye had not yet left the parties, when Martindale, bending towards Clara, made some remark in a low and seemingly confidential tone ; to which she replied with one of her sweetest smiles, laying her beautiful hand upon his arm as she spoke, and shewing by the animation of her countenance that the subject was anything but unpleasing.

On what slight, and often accidental circumstances, hang the pleasures and the pains of life. Had Edgar been sufficiently near to hear that


the subject of conversation was himself, and the comments of Clara of the most flattering kind, his breast would have thrilled with delight. As it was, he saw only the action, and it was the spark on the powder which blew the inflammable, but hitherto harmless material at once into a flame. In the same instant, Edgar's horse started to feel the spurs driven into his side, with a force which caused the blood to follow the blow: and the spirited animal, unaccustomed to such treatment, immediately began to plunge with great violence. The anxiety of the neighbouring ladies for Captain Arlington, clouded more than one brow among their male companions; but the object of their solicitude neither heard the one nor saw the other, but set off with a rapidity which put in imminent peril several groups of massalgies, who were preparing their torches to run before the carriages, and caused those who were advancing in the opposite direction to evince the utmost promptitude in drawing towards their own side.

He never drew bridle till he arrived at Barrackpore, which he reached in that state of

mind which disposes us to quarrel with everything around, and with ourselves for doing so. He had, the day before, heard a simple Hindu air, the wild beauty of which had engaged his attention, and he had been endeavouring to teach it to Luslaya. There needed no other incentive than the knowledge that it was *his* wish, to induce the young Nepaulian to apply herself with unremitting diligence to the study. She had been thus employed during the greater part of the day, and found the fatigue of the application lost in the anticipation of his pleased surprise when he should hear how perfectly she had learned it. She no sooner heard him arrive, than she hastened to meet him, and gliding into the apartment with the half confidence, half timidity of a young fawn, was gratified to perceive that he did not observe her entrance, as it would tend to heighten his surprise. She began her song ; and stealing several looks at him as she proceeded, her countenance bore evident marks of disappointment, at finding that he did not even alter his meditative posture, but continued gazing as fixedly on the wall before

him, as if it really contained something worthy of notice. At last he turned, and her beautiful eye sparkled with delight. Now was the welcome moment which was to repay her toils. She mechanically paused to receive his expressions of satisfaction, and heard him desire her to cease, for the music made his head ache.

The last words gave a new direction to the emotions which the former had caused to gather round her heart. Her friend—he who had succoured her when she seemed alone upon the earth—was ill; the grateful girl lost all recollection of self in an instant; the syrinda fell from her hand, and she found herself at his side. “Does the friend of the unfortunate suffer, and shall the object of his bounty sit idly by? She knows the healing powers which Soma’s kiss gave to many herbs when he first smiled upon their beauty—she has learned from a Saniassi the charm which scares away the evil genii, and the mantra to which the divine Varahi, the granter of boons, will seldom lend an adverse ear. Let not the father of the orphan be sad—he shall walk in the shadow of Vishnu



—the dew of Swerga shall shed its soft influence around, and the rose of health shall bloom.”

She had been drawing closer to his side as she said this, and taking his hand—for her fears of pollution from the touch of a franqui had ceased to extend to her benefactor—looked in his face with a smile of such mingled sweetness and timidity, that he who had beheld it unmoved, must have possessed a heart of adamant. But Edgar did not see it; his abstraction was so great, that he did not appear to have heard what she had been saying; and his eye being still fixed upon the wall, he lost the look which made the words more eloquent. He only seemed conscious of her having taken his hand, which he withdrew somewhat abruptly, and turned away.

She did not speak; but even in the midst of his perturbation, he caught the sound of a sigh, though so gentle as to be scarce distinguishable, and that low murmur sounded in his heart like a thunder peal in the mountains. He started, caught a momentary glimpse of the tearful eye, that was just turning away its glance from his face, and that glimpse was sufficient to bring

him, in his turn, to her side, and recall to his voice something of the tone of its early tenderness.

“Luslaya,” cried he, “forgive me!—at this moment I am not master of my actions. But if I must be a torment to myself, it is at least unjust to be so to others ;” and pressing her hand hurriedly, he hastened from the room.

The eye of Luslaya followed his retiring form, and remained for some moments fixed upon the door through which he had disappeared. Her reverie was broken by her ayah, an old Nepaulian, whom Edgar, in accordance with his promise, had brought from the valley of the Chitlong, to attend on her, and who had been a silent, but not unobservant spectator of the scene. “Saib not good temper,” she said.

She did not receive any immediate answer. “It must be Luslaya who has done this,” at length exclaimed the young Hindu, rather following the current of her own thoughts than replying to the ayah ; “she is in a new world, whose people do not think and act like the children of Hainooman, and she must have

poisoned his cup of contentment. She will fly to him ; he knows that the poor Indian's mind is dark—that the sun of knowledge is but just rising on its shadows ; and when he sees her tears he will forgive her.”

“ It not need,” said the ayah ; “ you not make angry saib.”

“ I must have done so,” persisted Luslaya, “ though I know not how. Saw you not the dark cloud upon his brow ?—it was not thus that he looked upon the poor orphan when she pleased him ; and he is too just to withdraw the smile she loved, unless her conduct had been such as her good genii would wish to plunge in the fountain of oblivion.”

“ You not know Feringee,” said the ayah ; “ Bewa see him closer—he make angry out a door, and he come gloomy, gloomy in.”

“ It cannot be thus, Bewa,” replied the simple girl ; “ the genius of deceit has presented false images to thine eye. It cannot be that they visit the offence of the guilty on the head of the flower that is humid with the dew of innocence : that were unjust, and I have seen their

shaster, which threatens injustice with punishments as terrible as the nagas of Narekha."

The ayah shook her head; "You not live long, like poor Bewa, or you not think all good and simple-hearted as yourself. But not vex for saib, him come round again—something wrong at Aimwell saib's."

This mode of accounting for spleen was quite unintelligible to her hearer, and naturally produced such an enquiry as enabled Bewa to display the stores of information which the servant's whispers had enabled her to lay up; and Luslaya now heard for the first time, of the evident devotion of Edgar to Clara Aimwell, of her beauty and fascinations, and of the universal belief, that if their marriage was not actually a settled thing, it was one of which no reasonable doubt could be entertained.

The beautiful cheek of the young Hindu several times lost and regained its colour, as this narrative proceeded, but her comment on it was short: "He bows, then, before the perfumed altar of Camadeva, and has found one to twine with him a wreath for the brow of Rheti. May

its flowers be fragrant with the sweet incense of love—may the dews of joy bathe their buds, and neither the blight of calumny, the whirlwind of anger, nor the frost breath of indifference come near to mar their beauty!”

There was a slight tremulousness in her voice as she began to speak ; but it gathered firmness as she proceeded, and her calmness of manner somewhat perplexed the ayah, who had expected some manifestations of disappointment and regret. But these were not expressed, even when the solitude of her chamber would have afforded opportunity for the unreserved overflowings of a bursting heart. On the contrary, she reproached herself that she did not feel so gladdened as she ought to do, at Edgar’s approaching happiness. “It must be so,” she said ; “Luslaya is an offender against the sacred Puranas. She has suffered the thought of a mortal—of one, too, who is not of Brahma’s children—to dwell too near her heart—to pollute her mantras, and even to obtrude itself on the sacred mana, the silent devotion of the heart to its Dewtah. She has done this, and the mighty Brahma has given

her a prey to the Asura of ingratitude ; how else should she regret that the genii have plucked a flower from the garden of happiness, and planted it in the breast of her benefactor ? *She* could never be that flower—even if she could dare the wrath of Brahma by the wish for a union with a stranger and an enemy, would the high and mighty among his race, whose smile is courted by the first and fairest of his own people, bestow a thought beyond his pity on the poor and simple Hindu ? When did the palm, that rears his lofty head to catch the first kiss of the Maruts, as they come from the fields of heaven, stoop from his height to regard the pale flower that breathes out its little life at his feet ? ”

CHAPTER VI.

“ If I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
 conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour.”

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN any violent emotion has occupied the mind, it is generally wise to place a night's rest between it and any determination to which we may come, either on the motion itself, or its immediate consequences. There are comparatively few who are able to preserve their judgments cool and unbiassed in the midst of strong excitement ; and it is often a matter of surprise

to ourselves that the object shall present itself the next day under an aspect so totally different that we scarcely recognize it as the same. Edgar, with the benefit of this soothing influence, sat down to examine the events of the previous day ; and having freely admitted to himself that his heart had become subdued by the fascinations of the lovely and brilliant Clara, considered the interview on the course by no means so conclusive against him as he had first thought it. He reflected that he had no further ground than his own apprehensions, for the supposition that Martindale was actually his rival ; and even if it were so, the manner of Clara towards him, which at the time had seemed to mark her preference as decidedly as if it had been declared in actual words, seemed now very easily to resolve itself into the natural feelings of a relative, a little warmed by a réunion after years of absence. He was finishing his reverie by resolving to ascertain, if possible, the precise nature of Martindale's future views, following up the resolution with the soldierly determination, if he found them hostile to his own, not to

yield the prize without a struggle, when he was not a little surprized to hear his chaprassy announce "Martindale saib;" and the next moment found himself in the presence of his supposed rival.

Despite his prepossession against him, he could not but be struck with the open ingenuousness of his countenance, as he entered, and the manly frankness of his tone as he spoke—

"I am come, Captain Arlington, to make a fuller apology for having once thought hardly of you, than I had an opportunity of doing on the course last evening."

"Really, sir, none is necessary at all," said Edgar.

"I owe it both to you and to myself," replied Martindale; "I owe it to you, because I find that a gross misrepresentation of your conduct led me to think and speak of you unjustly; and I owe it to myself, because if, after discovering that I had been betrayed into an error, I was capable of withholding the only reparation in my power, I should forfeit all self esteem. We

all fall into mistakes occasionally ; this is the weakness of human nature : some, after having been led into a wrong through ignorance, will persist in it through obstinacy ; this is littleness of mind and moral cowardice."

The candid manner of this advance, and the look and tone of perfect sincerity with which it was made, could not fail of finding a correspondent feeling in so generous and undisguising a heart as Edgar's. He might be the rival of such a man, but he at once felt that he could not be his foe ; and the extended hand was clasped as cordially as it was tendered.

" This is quite a load taken off my shoulders," observed Martindale ; " for I hate enmity as I do a dun. Mankind is one great family, and if the worst passions of our nature have so long influenced the race that we can no longer think of universal peace and love, except when we light our cigars, and dream of Utopia, we may still carry the principle in our own hearts, and those hearts will be all the better for it."

" I wish your notions were more generally acted on," replied Edgar ; " the world would

be saved many of those deeds it has now to blush for."

"Aye, but it would be saved a great many soldiers too.—If too many thought as I do, a sash and a pair of epaulettes would soon be of small use, except to frighten the birds from the rice grounds. And then our stars and batons, and crosses and laurel wreaths, which make a man who has seen the backs of five hundred half-armed Pindarees, smoke his hookah with complacency, and think that he begins to see how Cæsars were made—to have all this 'washed in Lethe, and forgotten!'—it would never do, my dear sir; our existence is an artificial one, and depends even more on the world's vices, than its virtues. But we can at least sweep before our own doors, and cry shame on our neighbours; and it is as a part of this system of personal cleanliness, that I have ridden over this morning."

"It is an action which does you infinite honour," said Edgar, warmly.

"Do not praise it too soon," said Martindale, with a smile; "I am not sure that there is not a

little selfishness mixed up with it: for I am not now to learn the value of your society, and I am the more interested in the matter, as I find we are likely to be neighbours, and I now hope, close friends."

Edgar bowed; but though the ice at his heart was rapidly melting beneath the influence of his companion's sunny looks and manner, he could not quite echo the hope of a close friendship with the man who might eventually be the husband of Clara Aimwell. He therefore merely replied,

"I understand from our friend Francis, that we are to expect your addition to our circle."

"My compliments—I was always fond of Barrackpore; and though praising one's family is like praising one's-self at second hand, I may say, that the society of such relatives as mine is not a thing to be despised."


Edgar felt his pulses beat quicker, as the delicate ground was touched; and he felt as much envy as perplexity, at the easy and unembarrassed way in which it was entered on by Martindale. He, however, was not slow in reply-

ing, and with much animation, "You need not fear any contradiction from me, however warm you may be in their praise; Francis Aimwell is the closest and most attached friend I have; and a kinder hearted, or nobler spirited being, the empire cannot furnish—and though his father is perhaps a little too much of the merchant, he is a man of unblemished honour; and his character, even in the midst of the corruption and venality which we see around us, stands high and without a stain."

"It is a pity, though, that he is so wedded to business," said Martindale; "it seems to make up the sum of his existence. He suffers himself to look at every thing through commercial spectacles—he knows no sentence embodying so much of the sublime and beautiful, as 'Profit and Loss, Dr. to stock for net amount gained by trade;' and if you were to shew him the beautiful view from Ozouli, he would ask you the worth of the land per acre, and whether the soil was best adapted for rice or serazium—still he is an excellent man: and the young lady—But I beg pardon—perhaps that is an unapproachable subject."

“Not at all,” replied Edgar, vexed that his eye had sunk, though only for a moment; and although considering it a leading question, determined at all hazards, to “hang out his banner.” “There cannot be two opinions of Miss Aimwell; for when a mind, whose powers are of the highest order, exerts them chiefly in making their superiority as little humiliating as possible to those less gifted, and is accompanied by a heart full of those amiable and generous feelings, which call forth as much esteem as admiration—envy itself is disarmed, and finds it impossible to refuse its love, where so much worth goes hand in hand with so much unpretending gentleness.”

“I am glad your opinion of her coincides so entirely with my own,” said Martindale, without any of the change of manner for which Edgar had prepared himself. “I have a very high regard for my cousin Clara, and as I have some thoughts of introducing a Mrs. Martindale at Burruckpore, it will be gratifying to know that she who will be likely to form one of her principal companions stands so high.”



Some philosophers have contended, that there is no real existence in time, because our senses measure it by such different standards ; that portion of it which is an hour to the sick man in his weary chamber, being only a few minutes to the young lover in the next house. On the same principles, we might fairly refuse a place among independent realities to space : for not only do different organs form very different estimates of it, and that which is a mighty forest to an ant, is but a few grass-blades to a man ; but the same mind will find a distance increase or diminish, according to the state of feeling with which it is traversed ; and in the same ratio a volume, either swell into a folio, or shrink into a pamphlet. In the present instance, Edgar found the contents of a quarto, at the least, compressed into this one sentence of Martindale's. Here was the whole load of annoyance and vexation under which he had been groaning, and in all the spirit of a Yogee, exercising a busy ingenuity in devising fresh torments for himself, removed at once ; and all the field of conjecture for the future, the alternations of hope and fear,

the determined and protracted struggles for the prize, and the speculations as to their ultimate result, brought to a satisfactory close. And although the object of his hopes was still unattained, and might, indeed, be as far as ever from his own reach, yet the removal of the only actual impediment which had yet presented itself, sent a flush of animation over his features, and entirely removed from his voice the slight degree of huskiness which had affected it during the earlier part of the conversation, giving it a clear and ringing tone of gladness, as he replied to the intimation of Martindale's matrimonial views.


"This is quite matter of surprise; I had no idea you were so near becoming a Benedict."

"Nor indeed has any one else; for circumstances make it quite a secret at present. In truth, I was rather indiscreet in letting the fact slip out; but I believe the joy of reconciliation with an old friend has overset what prudence I had to boast of, and that was never more than would ballast a bee over a mill-stream. However, I am sure I may rely on your secrecy, till

I am enabled to surprise our friends with the intelligence."

Edgar readily gave the required pledge, and had rarely given one with more heartfelt gratification. Gratification, indeed, was now the very atmosphere in which he breathed; all around him seemed to have been in one instant metamorphosed, as by the touch of a magic wand. The sombre cloud which had hung over it, had disappeared, even while he was making the declaration, and every thing now wore a smiling aspect; for the heart of him who looked upon them was changed. But no object appeared so changed as Martindale. Now that he no longer appeared as a rival, those fascinations of manner, of which even envy could not deny him to be conspicuously possessed, and on which he could not avoid looking with something of an evil eye, when expecting them to be exerted against himself, now shone out in their full power and brilliancy. The variety and extent of his stores of knowledge, and the mental power over them which he developed, as subject after subject was introduced and descanted on,

together with that conversational charm which is so irresistible to feel, and so impossible to describe, found their way to Edgar's heart, with an accelerated rapidity and force, from the consciousness that he had previously done him something less than justice ; and a later hour of the day beheld those who had met on the preceding evening as rivals and as enemies, on their way to Mr. Aimwell's side by side, and exhibiting, in their looks and manners, all the warmth and cordiality of attached brothers.



CHAPTER VII.

“ Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft ;
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left.”

BYRON.

THE early history of Love's empire, is beautifully told in the above quotation. There is so much bewildering confusion, whose very perplexity is pleasing—so much anxiety and watchfulness—so much feverish eagerness to seek the presence of the beloved one ; and so much dullness and stupidity when there—so much importance attached to the veriest trifles, and so much alternate elevation and depression without any rational cause for either, that could the heart

of Solon himself have been laid open, when it first felt the influence of the blind deity, it might have gone far to shake the foundation of his fame for wisdom. But fortunately for man's boasted empire of reason, this interregnum is of limited duration ; the struggle between hope and fear, is usually as brief as it is vigorous. Those tokens of love, which though they do not call in the aid of language, have an eloquence of their own, which language never equalled ; the eager, yet unobtrusive assiduity which is ever on the watch to pay those delicate attentions which others think not of—the mute deference—the eye, whose glances are volumes—the solicitude to please, accompanied, and often marred by the diffidence inseparable from the first stages of true affection—these, and such as these, soon betray the feelings to the heart's idol ; and if she be worthy the first throbs of an honest heart, dictate a line of conduct, which either ripens love's young bud into blossom, or blights it with a premature decay. These tacit overtures, the occurrences detailed in the last chapter emboldened Edgar to make, and he in-

terpreted his reception of them so favourably, that he ventured into the penetralia of Mr. Aimwell's counting-house, to request permission to address his daughter in form. His auditor listened with great complacency to his exposition of the state of his heart, running his eye down a column of his cash-book during the more impassioned parts, and raising it again as the speaker's voice fell into the narrative tone. When he had concluded, he politely thanked him for the intended honour, adding, that the preliminaries being thus arranged, they might now, like men of business, proceed at once to the needful.

However little importance this portion of the subject might bear in Edgar's eyes, he knew his companion too well to doubt its forming a prominent part of it in his estimation. He therefore entered at once upon the topic ; and if the statement of his affairs was greatly to Mr. Aimwell's satisfaction, his offers of settlement were no less so, though tinged with a shade of contempt for the ignorance of an extravagant boy, who knew so little of the world, as to disburse

his rupees with the same indifference as if they were so many pice.

These important points being adjusted, there remained the most awful event of a lover's life, —the declaration ; and with a desperate determination to know his fate at once, Edgar, though with a palpitating heart, began his search after the fair object of his wishes. On entering the apartment, where he expected to meet her, he was disappointed at finding it only occupied by Francis Aimwell and Martindale ; he would, gladly have withdrawn, but he caught the eye of Francis as he appeared at the door. “The very man we want—here, Edgar, just step in and decide a bet between me and Dick ; will you ? He will have it, that the Chinese tael is worth more than the Japanese. Now I know you are acquainted with both places, and I dare say, can settle the point for us.”

“The difference is very trifling, but Mr. Martindale is right ; because the Chinese tael being valued at six-and-eight pence, and the Japanese being only worth fifteen siccas—”

“Only worth fifteen siccas ! If it is worth half that, I beat him hollow.”

“I meant to say fifteen stivers—Dutch stivers, you know ; and the stiver being taken at seven-sixteenths of a penny—”

“That is the Swedish stiver, I believe,” observed Martindale.

The loud laugh of Francis almost drowned the sound of the reply. “My good fellow,” said he, “have you the slightest idea what you are talking about ?”

“My head is not very clear, I know ;—I have been tracing the similarity between Berkeley and the Vedanti sect of the Brahmins, and these things are apt to leave the brain a little confused. But you have lost your wager—let that satisfy you.”

“Indeed it won’t ; at least, not on the judgment of a man who has been studying metaphysics, till he does not know Dutch coins from Swedish. No, no ; before I yield the bet, I will ask my father, who will tell me the value of both to the smallest fraction.”

"That reminds me to ask, how your sister is?" said Edward, with a careless air.

"I do not pretend to see the associating link between the two ideas; nay, you need not enlarge on metaphysics again—I am satisfied. And to relieve your anxiety, Clara was quite well a few minutes since, when she went into the next room to endeavour to tune her piano."

Love could not have wished a more favourable opportunity. "You will excuse me, then," said Edgar, "for I remember I promised to assist her." And he vanished from the room almost before the words had left his lips.

"What an idiot this love makes of a man!" observed Francis, as he disappeared; "could a stranger by any possibility have guessed, that the author of the wise remarks we have just heard, was one of the finest fellows in the settlement?"

"Then you seriously believe him in love with Clara?" asked Martindale, apparently rousing himself out of a deep reverie.

"He who did not believe it, must have neither eyes nor ears, I think."

“ I have certainly thought so myself ; he will propose soon, I dare say.”

“ I know no reason why he should not ; the girl likes him, I fancy.—I shall certainly be flattered by the relationship ; and he has got what, between friends, will be his best recommendation to my father—plenty of money.”

“ I have heard that he has property ; but perhaps it is land, and tied up !”

“ Not a bit of it—all hard cash, and under his own nail. By-the-bye, you seem rather inquisitive about it, Dick.”

“ I!—not at all. What earthly reason could I have for curiosity ? Mere idle chit-chat, in the absence of a better subject. And now that we have worn it threadbare, what are we to do ? I am horridly ennuyed myself, and in no humour for any exertion beyond small talk. May we venture to break in on the tête-à-tête in the next room, think you ?”

“ Of course we may, and the parties ought to be thankful for our consideration. It is slight repasts, and long intervals, that keep up the

goût of all great delicacies. Repetition is commonly followed by satiety, you know. "Well, good people, is the piano almost in tune yet?"—and having asked this question in a tone which might have been audible at the distance of half a furlong, he played a few moments with the lock, as if it did not readily obey the impulse of the hand; and then threw open the door which divided the apartments.

Those who have been luckless enough to obtrude themselves mal-apropos, upon some confidential communication, and after perhaps hearing, as they approached, the voices of the parties engaged in earnest colloquy, have observed the chilling silence which their entrance produces—the confused manner in which the one who first recollects that such a sudden pause will look odd, breaks it by some common-place remarks; and the awkward attempts of both sides, to appear perfectly at their ease, may conceive the scene which now presented itself to the intruders. Edgar had started from his seat, at the noise of the opening door; but the position of his chair made it evident, that it had

been drawn somewhat closer to Clara's than etiquette warranted : and while the animation which lit up his countenance betrayed that he had been engaged on some subject of deep interest, the glow of pleasure which was thrown over it, and the gay sparkle of his eye, were evidences that, whatever such subject might have been, its conclusion had been highly satisfactory. Clara was very busy at her piano, and her head was bent so low over it, that her face was quite hidden ; but there were the remains of a slight suffusion still lingering upon her neck, and her voice seemed less firm than usual, as she replied to the repetition of her brother's question, that she really believed it was beyond their skill—they could not succeed at all.

"I thought you were quite a proficient, Arlington," observed Martindale.

"I certainly used to take some credit to myself for skill ; but I don't know how it is. I think if this wire were screwed a little tighter—"

"Pardon me ; that is one of the finest chords in the instrument—listen. But this one might be wound a little with advantage."

"Certainly, I see ; that must have been the one I meant.—I declare, I am quite stupid to-day. Yes, this should be screwed, beyond a doubt." And applying the turning screw as he spoke, he wound it so tight, that it snapped in two.

"Gently, gently !" cried Clara. "Oh, you stupid creature !—see what you have done ; I shall have my piano ruined."

"Don't be frightened, Clara," said Francis ; "Arlington is not got out of his metaphysics yet, that's all. As it is natural for a man who studies Berkeley to doubt the existence of matter, you can't expect him to pay much attention to its properties."

"So it appears ; and therefore I will lock the piano down, to prevent further mischief. And I declare it is so late, that I shall scarcely have time to dress before the carriage comes ;" and without raising her eyes to any member of the party, she hurried from the room.

"You dine out, then ?" observed Edgar.

"At another time I might expect you to recollect that we are engaged to Monteith."

“True, true—I forgot it for the moment. Mr. Aimwell is of the party, is he not?”

“Yes, and therefore I must make my bow, too; for he is so used to exactness in keeping appointments, that if we detain him five minutes, he will lecture on punctuality all the way.”

“I am not included in this party,” said Martindale, as they were left alone; “and if you are not better engaged, and will share my bachelor’s diet, it will be a good opportunity to show you the Treatise on Strategy, which you wish to see; and I will do my best to ensure you an agreeable evening.”

Edgar was not much in the mood for relishing treatises on strategy, but he *was* in a mood to be pleased with himself and everything around him. The last half hour had been the most delicious of his life. He had heard the sweetest sound that can fall upon the lover’s ear—the half inaudible whisper, which tells him that the affection which has interwoven itself with his inmost thoughts, and become a part of his deepest and dearest feelings, is shared by the being who has inspired it. He had heard this ;—all his former

doubts and misgivings were exchanged for a delightful certainty ; and his mind was in a wild tumult of pleasurable emotion, which would have made it an effort to refuse a proposal far more disagreeable in itself than that of passing an evening with the elegant and accomplished Martindale. There was, therefore, little difficulty in obtaining his consent to the arrangement, and the young men left together.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A show of mummary, without a meaning.”

Rowe.

THE remainder of the morning was passed, as time with Martindale usually was, in a manner which so combined and tempered the light and the graceful with the recherché and the intellectual, that like a well-mixed salad, it was difficult to tell which ingredient contributed the most to the exquisite flavor of the whole.

The party at dinner received the addition of two friends of Martindale's, who, among their many stratagems to resist the attacks of their

grand enemy Ennui, had called in, *en passant*, and finding him at home, invited themselves to his table without scruple. Their host's countenance betrayed a little dissatisfaction at this mark of friendship, and almost rendered superfluous his private expression of regret to Edgar, at this unexpected interruption to the plan of rational enjoyment in each other's conversation, which he had sketched out for the evening. Edgar, on the contrary, was rather pleased than otherwise ; he had before seen Captain Kreutzer in Martindale's company, and though he had observed him to be a little tinctured with a love of play, and some other fashionable foibles, these seemed so far counterbalanced by his mental attainments, and the many good qualities which he appeared to possess, that Edgar had wished for a further opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance. Besides this, though the first tumult of his feelings had begun to subside, he was still so far from being collected, that he had already found himself appearing to some disadvantage in conversation with his cool and acute entertainer ; and as he was not sufficiently de-

void of personal vanity to be indifferent to the fact, he was no way displeased at the honorable retreat, which the arrival of Captain Kreutzer and his friend, enabled him to make. He found himself more at home in the general discourse that prevailed during dinner, which was served in a style highly creditable to the capabilities of the sindar bowberjee; and by the time the cloth was removed, and the consumah and kitmagars had withdrawn, the additional excitation of more wine than usual, made him indisputably take the lead, if not in the wit, at least in the mirth and joyousness of the party.

But the sweetest honey is loathsome in its own deliciousness. The topics of conversation began to grow less interesting, the remarks less piquant; and several dead pauses hinted the approach of ennui. In this emergency, Captain Kreutzer proposed to change the scene by a hand at cards: he was opposed by Martindale, and finding himself unable to win his host over, proposed to put it to the vote. His companion immediately declared himself upon his side, stating that he had been up all the preceding

night, and stood in need of some excitation to keep him awake ; and Edgar on his part having intimated his willingness to accede to whatever seemed most agreeable to the company, Martin-dale contested the matter no further, except to stipulate, that the play should be short, and the stakes low ; and sat down as Edgar's partner against the strangers.

Our hero's practice in this amusement was of no very long standing. On some former evenings, however, when he had shared in it with the same parties, he had generally found himself successful ; and so far from finding occasion to distrust his skill, he had observed, that though his host was evidently a proficient, Captain Kreutzer had less pretension than himself. Having therefore the only member of the party of whose superiority he had any reason to be apprehensive, engaged upon his side, he was more gratified than surprised, at finding the stream of fortune continued to flow in his own direction. Kreutzer, however, was no way disheartened at his ill success ; on the contrary, so sanguine were his expectations of a turn, that

he offered Martindale several bets upon the games. These the latter uniformly declined, on the ground that it gave too much an air of gaming to a thing which they had merely taken up as a relaxation, and were soon to discontinue. His scruples by no means satisfied his adversary, whose temper being a little quickened by repeated losses, he threw out several insinuations about want of spirit, and his opponent's evident distrust of his skill and fortune. These remarks were so little agreeable to Edgar, who had now begun to enter into the spirit of the game with all the warmth of his character, that he offered to accept the wager himself. "Take my advice, Arlington; don't bet at all," said Martindale. But almost before the words had left his lips, the thing was done, and a few minutes decided it in Edgar's favour. Kreutzer bit his lip, offered another bet;—another, and another, raising the stakes each time, and each time with the same success. Their host vainly remonstrated against this species of contention; Kreutzer was determined to persist, and Edgar felt that, as the winner, he was bound to give

his antagonist an opportunity of retrieving his losses, as long as he continued to desire it. After some time, a bet which he had laid unusually heavy, from the chances appearing greatly in his favour, was unexpectedly won by Kreutzer. "I knew it was coming," cried the winner, in an ecstasy; "the monsoon sets this way at last. Now, sir, prepare for the frowns of the blind goddess."

"Don't be too confident that she has done smiling," observed Edgar.

"I will back my confidence with double the last bet," retorted Kreutzer.

"For shame!" cried Martindale; "this is sheer gambling. Don't listen to him, Arlington."

"A winning man, and not listen to the loser!" exclaimed Kreutzer. "No, no, Martindale; even from my little knowledge of Captain Arlington, I am quite satisfied he is a man of too much spirit for that."

Had the amount of the challenge been tripled, this remark would have put all objection to it out of the question. It was answered—Kreutzer

again won, and received it with a smile of exultation, at which Edgar felt more piqued than at his loss. He betted again ; but his luck seemed to have forsaken him. He was ashamed to acknowledge, even to himself, that he felt galled by the triumph of his antagonist, called to the Abdar to fill his lumbah peallah, and though still as unsuccessful as before, would have felt humbled had he receded. Each fresh loss acted as a spur to the avidity with which he returned to the charge. To the desire of lowering his adversary's tone, was now added the wish of retrieving his losses—he was indebted to a considerable amount ; but he had the experience of his earlier good fortune to prove that there could be a run of luck in his favour—his own play and his partner's were certainly superior to that of their opponents—the tables must turn soon ; and though he had no inordinate wish for gain, he did not feel prepared to rise, at a time when his losses had reached an amount far from contemptible. He therefore played desperately on, heedless of the remonstrances with which Martindale continually

laboured to check his impetuosity. It was scarcely to be expected, that where the clearer head and cooler judgment of the early part of the evening had failed, the headlong recklessness produced by impatience of ill-fortune, embittering recollections of his losses, and the heating stimulus of wine, should be successful. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise, that when at length the party broke up, Edgar's losses had been increased to a serious amount.

What this amount actually was, his passions did not then allow him to calculate; but when he had reached his home, whither, rejecting all offers of refreshment and repose, he had hurried like the wounded bird to its nest—when he had reached his home, and found, that besides his losses as Martindale's partner, his private bets with Kreutzer had swallowed up more than two-thirds of his disposable property; and when he had, by repeated scrutinies, become reluctantly convinced that he had not miscalculated the amount, it is easier to conceive than to describe his feelings. To his self-accusations for having, in an hour of frenzy, made so large a personal

sacrifice, was added the still more bitter reflection, that he was now unable to fulfil his offers to Mr. Aimwell ; and he knew his disposition too well to doubt for a moment that this inability would be an insuperable bar to the realization of those prospects which the day before had seemed within his grasp. The thought that he had, by his own folly, dashed the cup of happiness from his lips, was almost maddening. He rushed from his apartment, and wandered out into the grounds, without any determinate object, or any wish, except the vague and illusive one, of escaping from himself. It was yet early day—the shadow of night's mantle still rested on the distant scenery ; the sun was not visible, but his near approach had lit up the horizon with a rich and glowing splendor, unknown in more western climates, and in whose gorgeous tints the fanciful eye might imagine it beheld the bright curtain which veiled the entrance to a higher and a purer world—a world where the blight of care withers not the unripened blossom, nor the cloud of disappointment rolls over the sunny scenes of bloom and beauty. The

morning breeze, so grateful in Eastern countries, blew full across the Hoogley, upon the hot and throbbing brow of Edgar; but its soothing influence was unfelt. He turned with a sickening eye from the quiet loveliness of all around him—the soft silence of the hour, scarcely broken by the song of a single bird—the grateful perfume which floated on the air, drawn from a thousand aromatic shrubs and flowers—even the rustling of the leaves of the Acacia, as it bent its graceful head to the breeze, seemed to mock him with their harmony and tranquil happiness. He could have stood proudly upon the edge of some dark abyss—have listened with a wild feeling of gratification to the roar of a mighty cataract—and have found in the prospect of a barren and arid desert, or of some savage wilderness, from which every tenant but its native serpent had flown in horror and disgust,—something congenial to the present tone of his feelings; but he could not bear to look upon the sweet serenity that breathed around him, and finding himself near his favorite alcove, hurried towards it, and threw himself gloomily

on a seat. A moment afterwards, he recollected it was no longer his—that it had formed, together with the grounds near it, one of the last bets which he had lost to Kreutzer, and he sprang from it as from a basilisk. Edgar was proud. It is not every young heart that has strength to resist the inflation with which riches seek to fill it. He had not been insensible to the gratification produced by a display of wealth; and he knew that he had excited no inconsiderable degree of envy. To be compelled to appear shorn of his accustomed splendor, was mortifying in a high degree; and to lose the most favourite part of the domain which he had felt a pride in possessing, was not a little galling. His fancy, with wayward perverseness, would busy itself in conjuring up humiliating pictures of the manner in which his change of fortune would be received by those whom he had at once eclipsed and despised—the spiteful malignity of one—the avowed triumph of another—and the yet more insulting pity and hypocritical condolence of a third. The thought of his only remaining parent, exposed to probable contempt

and obloquy, and her very comforts abridged by that son, whose happiness she had made large sacrifices to promote,—these embittering images heated his already feverish brain to a temporary madness ; and when the back ground of the gloomy picture was filled up by the figure of the lovely and fascinating Clara—more lovely, more fascinating, because lost to him for ever,—reason could no longer maintain the conflict, and in a paroxysm of despair, he found in his grasp a small poniard, which he always carried about his person. Already had it been plucked from its sheath, when his attention was arrested by a sudden sound.—It was the morning hymn of the Hindu portion of the establishment, assembled in another part of the grounds to salute the rising sun. The rude, but not inharmonious chorus, as it came upon the ear mellowed by the distance, formed a striking contrast to the gloomy feelings and intentions of the unhappy Edgar. His eye turned in the direction for an instant, with a stern, yet melancholy expression ; but his first feelings were too highly wrought to be easily subdued. The dark cloud began again

to gather upon his brow, and his fingers to close upon their weapon, when he suddenly felt a hand upon his arm. He was in that mood, when it is a sort of relief to find an object on whom to vent the storm of passion which has been pent up within the breast; and turning with a fierce gesture upon the intruder, his wild and glaring eye encountered the gentle and pensive glance of Luslaya.

CHAPTER IX.

He should have died—

Tender and true : but why ?—

Why, what is life,

Without a living ? He hath met a stiver.

BYRON.

It is said that there is something so seraphic in the pure eye of innocence, that vice and lawless passion cannot endure its glance ; and even the savage inmates of the woods have been awed by its powerful spell. This remark, whether true or false as a general position, was certainly borne out on the present occasion ; for while Edgar, in his present mood, would have met a stern and lofty glance with one of desperate defiance, there was something in the soft and

meek eye of Luslaya that unmanned him in an instant. There was a feeling in his heart not unlike what might be supposed to actuate a fallen angel, who unexpectedly found himself in the presence of one of the spirits of the blessed. A mixed emotion—a sort of compound of awe and shame, which, though he struggled against it, would not be repressed, brought a burning heat upon his cheek, and bent his eye to the earth. He would gladly have hurried from the place, but seemed deprived of the power of moving—he would have spoken, but the words died unuttered on his lip; and he felt the proud superiority of virtue over vice, as he stood humbled and abashed before the being whose very existence hung upon his bounty, while she asked the question, “Friend of the lorn one, what art thou about to do?”

His answer was an endeavour to conceal the weapon which had been so rashly bared for his destruction; but Luslaya observed the action, and hastily laid her hand upon his arm: “This must not be,” she said; “it is ill-companionship between the desperate hand and the ready steel; unwise

were it to shew him who has been tost in the wilderness of grief, the path which is bounded by the torrent of despair, lest he madly brave the surge, and be lost for ever."

He permitted her to disarm him, and there was a short pause before she resumed. "How is it that the lofty and envied among his people, he for whom all men deemed that the Genius of happiness had woven her fairest wreath, is about to sacrifice that life which I have heard that his shastra tells him is not his to take away?"

"Luslaya," he replied, in a low and hesitating tone, and not yet daring to raise his eye to meet the calm gaze of innocence and purity; "Do not ask me—I tremble to think of the precipice I stood on; and that had not heaven sent you to interpose, I had now——." An involuntary shudder finished the sentence, and he seemed eager to escape from the recollections which began to throng in upon him, by abruptly changing the current of his ideas. "But I was maddened—my reason tottered under a groaning weight. It is no light thing for the young heart to see all its best hopes crushed in an in-

stant—to see the present and the future, alike a dreary blank—and in the midst of the desolation, to have the recollections of the past mocking the soul with the brightness it has lost for ever. Oh! this is agony indeed!—the most venomous serpent that ever crawled the waste has no sting like this!”

His mind was evidently beginning to wander; but the very sound of Luslaya’s voice seemed to have, at this moment, a powerful influence over him; and her soothing expostulations succeeded in bringing him back to that state of comparative calmness, which can relieve itself by disburthening its inquietude. His words, though broken and disjointed, were sufficiently intelligible to his hearer; she now for the first time heard a confirmation of her Ayah’s story—heard from his own lips, that there was indeed one whom he loved with all the fervency with which the susceptible heart first bows before its idol—and that he did not love in vain; with the addition of the recent events which had raised an insuperable bar to the attainment of his wishes.

Edgar was too much agitated, and too full of

his subject, to observe the effect which his communication produced upon his hearer ; and it was not till he had concluded, that he felt that the hand which he had almost unconsciously taken in his, was trembling like the aspen-leaf before the mountain blast. He raised his eyes to her face for the first time ; and even in the present tumult of his mind, could perceive that it was blanched almost to deathlike paleness.

“ Preserver of my life ! you are ill,” he exclaimed, with an interest which drove himself and his perplexities for a moment from his thoughts, and hastily stepping forward to support her ; but Luslaya was recalled to herself by the action. “ Trouble not for me,” she said, and a something that could scarcely be called a smile, forced itself along her pallid features : “ Luslaya is well.” The first accents had so trembled on her lip, that they were scarcely audible ; but after a momentary pause, she resumed, in a tone, which though it had something in it of that soft melancholy which seems to fill the ear in the last murmur of an echo, was yet calm and steady ; at the same time shrinking

from his supporting arm, and walking slowly and firmly to a seat at a short distance. "It *is* true, then," she said, "that thou hast offered the Amra flower of Cama, to one of the daughters of thy people! Surely, she whom *thou* lovest, should be fair as the Apsaras, and pure as the ether which surrounds the musnud of Hainooman?"

"She might form a model for your own Bhavani!" cried Edgar, passionately; and the gloom left his countenance for a moment, as the beautiful form of the young English girl glided across the "mind's eye."

"And thou knowest that she loves thee!" and her voice faltered a little as the words left her lip.

"Yesterday, in giving me that knowledge, realized, as I thought then, all my earthly wishes."

"Thou lovest, and thou art loved—what wouldst thou more? Art thou not still the same, that the love of thy chosen one should be the bloom of the Asoca, which the sun kisses

into life to-day, and when he returns to greet his flower to-morrow, it is gone?"

"Have I not told you," said Edgar, with some bitterness, "that yesterday's sun saw me one of the richest men in Barrackpore; while to-day's is shining on a beggar?"

"And was it then thy gold, and not thee, that thy chosen one loved?" asked Luslaya, mildly.

Edgar endeavoured to shew her how the former idea might blend with the latter, without sullyng its purity, or diminishing its fervor; but the conception was too complex for the simple mind of the young Hindu. "Rank in society—affluence—splendor," said she, repeating his words, and seeming to make an effort to comprehend a train of ideas so new to her.—"What has love to do with these? Can the bee love the Nilica when the sunbeam plays on its blossoms, and not love it in the shade; or will he court its kiss in the garden of the Rajah, and shun it in the wilderness? Or if love can indeed know a change, with a change of situa-

tion, surely he will prize his flower the most when it blooms alone, and there is nothing to court his attention, and divide his admiration with itself."

There was something in Edgar's heart which responded to this reasoning, for he was not without hope that Clara's notions of love might be similar; and yet, when he remembered how greatly his late conduct must sink him in her esteem—how much more harshly she must judge of it than Luslaya, totally ignorant of the nature of gaming, and firm in the conviction that her protector must be incapable of erring, was qualified to do—when he considered this, and recollected moreover the style of living to which she had always been accustomed—the many appendages to luxury which long use had taught her to regard as indispensable—and the cool contempt of former equals and supercilious triumph of inferiors, with which loss of station in the ranks of society is commonly attended, he could not but tremble for her decision, when called upon to make this sacrifice, and incur the almost inevitable displeasure of her father, in

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order to become the wife and share the privations of a soldier of fortune. He knew Clara's mind to be above the ordinary level; but he by no means felt himself authorized to pronounce, with anything like confidence, that her affection for him was sufficiently strong to withstand such an ordeal as this. Still it was impossible to gaze upon the pure and guileless countenance of her who sat beside him, and to hear her ask, with the simple reasoning of nature, yet unfettered by the views and feelings of the world, "Is not the lotus the same flower when it floats on its native pool, as when cherished in a vase of gold?"—it was impossible to see and hear this, and not feel convinced that woman's love is indeed capable of exalting itself far above the things of earth—that in its singleness and purity it remains, if not the only, certainly the most perfect memorial of what Eden was before the fall. Edgar, at least, found it impossible to gaze at, and listen to his young consoler, without feeling this; and the cherub hope, which had seemed dead within his breast, began again to stir its wings. As he began to be recalled to

himself, he remembered, with renewed horror, the crime which he had so nearly committed ; and while he offered to Heaven the gratitude of a humbled heart for that merciful interposition which had saved him from one of the darkest sins in the shadowy picture of guilt, his thanks to her, by whose means that interposition had been effected, were poured forth with all the warmth of a heart alike enthusiastic in right and wrong, and which, if not won back to the bower of hope, was at least recalled from the gloomy precipice of despair.

And how felt the being to whom these thanks were paid ? How throbbed the young and gentle heart which had been pained so keenly, when the effort was at an end which had supported it in stifling its own tumultuous beatings, that it might pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of another ? The mind of Luslaya was not, as has been seen, of that cast which can vent its grief in violent outward demonstrations, and like the willow, be agitated almost convulsively by every blast that sweeps by. With her, the approach of sorrow was like that

of the worm to the rose ; it glided on unseen—its nestling in the bosom that it fed on, was unsuspected ; and while the gentle sweetness and blushing loveliness of the victim were the same to the outward eye—or if weaker and fainter, so gradually so as to escape remark—the work of desolation was going on the more securely and the more fatally within. On the present occasion, she exhibited no outward sign of emotion, beyond that of gazing earnestly after the form of Edgar, as he retired ; and even for some time after the eye could no longer trace his figure through the intervening shrubs, her face remained turned in the same direction ; her countenance wore an air of abstraction, and her eye retained the fixedness of intense thought. When she at last withdrew that glance, it was with a sigh, which though not loud, had that kind of mournfulness in its tone, which no language, except that of sound, can describe ; and as she turned her face, the sun-beam reflected something on her eyelid like a tear. It might, however, have been only the flashing of that eye, whose brilliancy was known to every one but its possessor,

for it was clear and undimmed when she raised it to the sun a moment afterwards ; and having continued for a short time in silent, but evidently earnest, communication with that heaven of which she almost seemed an inhabitant, bent her steps slowly towards the house.

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CHAPTER X

"MURDERERS, amid the crowded room
 I see the commencement of sinners.
 Whence a young Edmund's pain or pique,
 And whence the poison of his cheek ?
 And whence the wretched eye that now
 Glowers like Kian's, beneath the brow,
 And now again as such is bent,
 To sin, anger and embitterment ?"

EPICURUS.

A few days after the occurrences detailed in the last chapter, all the world of Calcutta and its environs were assembled at General Gordon's in the Chouringhee. The "street of palaces" swarmed with vehicles of all descriptions, hurrying to or returning from the grand point of at-

traction—curricles, palanquins, buggies, tonjons, and other varieties of Indian conveyance were mingled indiscriminately together ; and loud and clamorous vociferations were heard from sices, bearers, paikans, and massalgies, eager in asserting the rights of their respective saibs, and exchanging their “ gallee ” in such a variety of dialect as almost to form a miniature Babel. Nor was the interior less busy or less diversified. An elegant suite of apartments were already thronged with much of the beauty and fashion of the capital, while the chaprassies’ “ Barca Saib, Barca Saib,” were continually announcing fresh arrivals. The splendor of the lights, the tastefulness of the decorations, the exhilarating sounds of the music, the delicious perfumes of the choice flowers and aromatic shrubs, which, in rich and fanciful vases, charmed the senses alternately with their fragrance and their beauty, and the forms of elegance and loveliness which glided to and fro like the presiding Peris of the scene, seemed to form an enchanted circle, within whose sparkling sphere no sombre shadow dared obtrude, and which was wholly sacred to the

light laugh and song of joy, the beautiful serenity of peaceful and tranquillized gratification, and the more tumultuous throb of eager, unrestrained delight.

But the Supreme Being has ordained in his wisdom, that neither the beauty nor the happiness of earthly things shall be as perfect as they appear. The fairest flower carries the germ of decay in the bosom which seems all freshness and purity ; and the smiling cheek, the unruffled brow, and even sometimes the dancing sparkle of the trained eye, will conceal a heart which is writhing beneath the smartings of sudden agony, or in which the cloud of settled sorrow has cast a depth of gloom that no future sun shall shine on, and within whose folds all that was lovely or desirable seem to lie hidden for ever. By how many of the actors in the present festive scene this mask was worn, it is not our province to inquire. Even if a practicable, it were at best an ungrateful task to tear aside so fair and pleasing a veil, in order to force the eye to gaze upon the melancholy or revolting objects which may lie concealed beneath it.

Who does not regret to be awakened from a dream which had, for a while, deluded him with the fancied enjoyment of some happiness that he has long sighed for, but knows he shall never possess in reality,—or, when he is lost in contemplation of the rich hues of the rainbow as it seems proudly to span the heavens, would not repine at the officiousness which aroused him from his delicious reverie, to explain to him, that these beautiful tints had no actual existence, and that their very appearance would soon fade from the admiring eye, and be as though they had never been?

But we are compelled to record, that there was at least *one* eye which wandered over the sprightly scene with a listless gaze ; one ear upon which the concord of sweet sounds fell unheeded, and one heart which had no responsive throb for the gaieties with which it was surrounded. Edgar had long promised to meet Clara at this assembly ; he had anticipated it with almost childish eagerness (for love always was, and always will be a child) ; and his busy fancy had sketched for it a thousand pictures of

pleasure and delight. The evening was come, but where was its promised happiness? That complex and not very definable emotion, usually understood by the word spirit, had forbidden him to confess his feelings by abstaining from the festivity, but his presence made them, at least to the discerning, scarcely less obvious. True, he was gay and lively, talked so rapidly, and laughed so loud, that many remarked in what excellent spirits Captain Arlington was. But those who looked below the surface, observed, that his gaiety was wild and fitful—that his features, even in their smiles, looked unusually pale and thin—and that his bursts of merriment were not unfrequently abruptly succeeded by fits of musing, in which the heart at ease is seldom prone to indulge. The struggle between his feelings, and his self-possession, grew more apparent as he discerned Mr. Aimwell and his daughter at a short distance. It was, indeed, a painful crisis. He had not till that morning summoned resolution to perform what he considered his duty—the task of apprising Mr. Aimwell of the unfortunate change that inca-

pacitated him from making his promised settlement on Clara. He had as yet received no answer, and felt it was from his present reception that he was to discover his future fate. He advanced with a hesitating step, and not daring to look up at Clara, hazarded the common-place remark to her father, that the evening was delightfully cool. Mr. Aimwell shortly assented, and then, turning to Clara, pointedly remarked, that he wished her not to leave his side for the remainder of the evening : he drew her arm within his own as he spoke, and without taking any further notice of Edgar, or even seeming to observe that he was still standing at his side, led her to another part of the room.

Goldsmith has remarked, that philosophy is a very good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. The weakness of human nature is perhaps seldom more conspicuous than in the inefficiency of its precautions against a coming evil. It will examine its strength at a distance, and fortify itself so powerfully with reasoning and consolations, that it almost deems itself impregnable. But the dreaded evil arrives—the

blow falls—its defences, like the actors of Prospero's fairy drama, melt into thin air, and leave their owner powerless and abashed at his own weakness. Mr. Aimwell's line of conduct was no more than what Edgar expected; he had, over and over again, forced upon himself the conviction that it could be no other; he had so fully prepared himself for a chilling reception, that he felt confident of his power to bear it unmoved. Yet, he had no sooner beheld Mr. Aimwell, than the hopes and fears, whose comparative strength he had, as he imagined, fully weighed and decided on, again began to agitate him; and when the former were finally crushed by the merchant's abrupt departure, he seemed to feel the blow as a thing wholly unlooked for, and remained rooted to the spot, as if thunder-struck. Before he could rally his scattered senses, he found himself surrounded by a swarm of those butterflies, who are ever found fluttering in the sunshine of gaiety—light, gaudy, and nothingless. To be compelled, in his present high-wrought state of excitation, to listen with apparent ease and interest to their inane trifling,

was too great a call upon his self-possession. He gave himself credit for no ordinary degree of patience in suffering several minutes to elapse before he declared that the heat, notwithstanding the incessant motion of the punkahs and chowries, was unsupportable; and extricating himself from the party, he retreated to a distant part of the apartment, and established himself in the refreshing neighbourhood of a large tat.

From the comparative solitude of this situation, the gay figures of the scene seemed to pass before his eyes as before a mirror, causing no emotion in the recipient, and leaving no trace behind. As he here ruminated at leisure upon mercenary dispositions, worldly-mindedness, and the debasing influence which an inordinate attachment to gold usually exercises upon the human character, the expression which settled on his features betokened that he found the subject anything but pleasing; and the gloomy shades upon his countenance were growing deeper and deeper, when his reverie was disturbed by the voice of Martindale.

“Thinking deep, eh, Arlington?” he said, as

he placed himself at his side. " May I ask the cause ?"

" *Can* you ask ?" returned Edgar, a little tartly.

" Ah !—that unlucky business of Kreutzer's, I suppose. Indeed, I am glad I have met with you, for I wanted to talk it over, and I see we are quite private here. From what I saw, I am afraid you are deep with him. Not seriously, though, I hope."

" Deep enough to wreck all my hopes for the future," replied Edgar, gloomily, his mind still dwelling on his reception by Mr. Aimwell.

" Nay, nay, you must not despond. It cannot be so bad as that, surely. We must unite our endeavors, and put the best face on it that we can. My own losses that night and before have so cramped me, that I am ashamed to say, I can offer you but little help in the money line ; but, if you are straitened, I hope I need not tell you how much that little is at your service."

Kindness in the hour of sorrow is balm to the wounded heart. Edgar grasped his friend's

hand with cordiality, and his manner, as he thanked him, had something of its former animation. But it was only for the moment ; for after explaining that by dint of his purse and credit he had already paid the greater part of his debt to Kreutzer, and given him securities for the small portion which still remained undischarged, his mind, in reverting again to Mr. Aimwell's behaviour, resumed its melancholy tone ; and the interest Martindale had expressed for his welfare had so far won upon his confidence, that he did not hesitate to lay open his views, and the insurmountable barrier which seemed to lie between them and their accomplishment.

Martindale heard him to the close with great attention. " Aimwell is certainly very tenacious in his money notions," said he, in reply ; "and I know he looks upon equality of fortune to be as indispensable in marriage as the ring itself. But do not despair—I really cannot bear to see you look so miserable. Only recollect how many obstinate prejudices have been overcome by perseverance. A soldier, too, and give way without striking a blow ! That would not do to report on parade, Arlington."

“What reasonable hope can I entertain, after his conduct just now?” asked Edgar.

“Nay, we will go into detail a week hence. At present, we scarcely know either our own strong points, or the enemy’s; and all that we can do, is to make demonstrations. I have a little influence with Aimwell; Frank, a great deal more: we will lay siege to him jointly; and if we should fail—I hope better things—but if we *are* obliged to raise the siege and decamp, at least it shall not be without pressing the fortress.”

Edgar repeated his thanks; and as he listened to his projects for his advantage, and looked upon the face that beamed with friendly interest, wondered how he could ever have thought hardly of so noble and generous a character. Not that he was at all sanguine in his hopes of the success of his friend’s well-meant endeavours; he indeed considered his case past all surgery; and though Martindale used his best efforts to inspirit him, he could clearly perceive that he considered it nearly hopeless himself. Resolved, however, neither to confine

his friendship to idle protestations, nor to lose any opportunity which might present itself towards furthering the cause, he departed, in order, as he expressed it, to reconnoitre the enemy, promising to ride over to Barrackpore on the morrow, and communicate the result of his manœuvres.

However gratified Edgar might be at his disinterested exertions, he felt so confident that no influence could shake Mr. Aimwell's decision, in a case where money was concerned, that, seeing a general officer at a little distance, whom he knew to be about to enter active service, he enquired if he could find him employment with his corps.

The officer, who had heard of his attachment to Clara, could not avoid shewing by his looks, the surprise with which he received the application; which Edgar perceiving, hurriedly added, "that he began to tire of his inactive life at Barrackpore, and was eager for some service in which he might, at least, have a chance of acquiring fame and distinction.

The officer was not without his suspicions

that there might be other reasons behind; but he felt that he had no right to require explanations, and merely observed in reply, "that the posts were in fact all filled up; but the indisposition of one of the officers rendered it a matter of great doubt whether he would not be compelled to relinquish his appointment, and in that event, Capt. Arlington might rely on being his successor."

Somewhat easier in his mind, from having taken a step that would, at least, by hurrying him into active life, leave him less at liberty to brood over his sorrows, and where there was a chance, though distant and uncertain, that should Clara's affections continue unchanged, he might one day again see himself in a station that would remove Mr. Aimwell's objections to his alliance on the score of property, he was surveying the scene before him, with a less misanthropic gaze, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a female voice at a little distance. It was so exactly like Luslaya's, that he had half turned to look for her, before he recollected that it was impossible

it could be hers ; and when he did, he was half inclined to smile at his credulity, in supposing for a moment, that the shy and timid being, whom he had vainly endeavoured to persuade to mix even with the select society of his mother's house, could at once so far forget her own bashfulness, and the habits of her country, as to be found in the midst of a brilliant and crowded assembly—an assembly, too, of those whom her faith had taught her to consider as unbelieving and impure. He was proceeding onward, when the sound again caught his ear. The resemblance of tone was so perfect, that, though convinced of the utter impossibility of his first conjecture, he could not resist a curiosity to see the person who had produced it ; and making his way through the intervening crowd, discovered, in the object of his search, one of a company of Nautch girls. The supposition of the bashful and retiring Luslaya having undergone such a transformation, now appeared doubly ridiculous ; and yet, but for this, he could have fancied her before him. Her face (as not unfrequent among them,) was concealed by a

mask ; but the figure and demeanour were so exact a transcript, that he began to doubt if he were not labouring under some strong illusion, and waited with impatience for the sound of her voice. In a few moments she struck on the Vina which she carried in her hand ; and his astonishment was still more increased at hearing her commence, with her companion, an Hindostanee air, of which he was very fond, and which Luslaya had learned to sing with the Ayah Bewa for his amusement. It was one of the old songs, which owe their origin to the fact of the odour of the Champaca being so strong and powerful, that the bee refuses to extract honey from it ; and was couched in the form of a dialogue between the flower (everything is personified among the Hindoos,) and the Spirit of Fragrance :—

Spirit. Lovely Champaca, why, why art thou sad ?
The groves in their loveliest verdure are clad ;
The steeds of Aruna * are sunk to their rest,
In their crystalline cave, in the isles of the west.

* Aruna, the Charioteer of the Sun.

The tops of the palms by the breezes are stirred ;
 The fountain's sweet voice in the distance is heard ;
 Pavan * breathes an odour in each gentle sigh,
 Kissed from the cedar groves, as he flew by.
 Pleased Echo is learning the Cocila's † song ;
 The fire-flies are flashing like genii along ;
 A thousand fair flowers their perfumes combine,
 And among them, whose fragrance is sweeter than thine ?
 In that beautiful hour which is bright as the beam
 Of the bhubuns ‡ of bliss on the holy one's dream,
 When all is so lovely, so soft, and so pure,
 And half from their Swerga § the genii would lure ;
 When the light laugh of mirth is more joyous and gay,
 And the tear-drop of anguish is half smiled away ;
 In her thousand bright isles when Prithivi || is glad,—
 Lovely Champaca, why, why art thou sad ?

Flower. Redolent Spirit, who lovest to dwell
 In the coy blush of the rose-bud's cell,

* Pavan, the God of the Winds.

† Cocila, the Oriental Nightingale.

‡ Bhubun, a sphere ;—the bhubuns here alluded to, are the mansions of the Moon, or the constellations, near which the moon rests during her revolutions ; and through which the soul is supposed to pass in its progress towards the centre of light and felicity.

|| Swerga, the visible Heaven.

§ Prithivi, the goddess of the Earth.

Or to pillow thy head on the lotus's breast,
Where the waves of Varuna * may lull thee to rest,
Hast thou not seen that the wild-bee, for whom
Each flower is reserving her choicest perfume,
Will kiss them of every fragrance and dye,
While me he still passes contemptuously by.
There is no flower whose bosom is fair,
There is no flower whose fragrance is rare,
That oft has not won the sweet kiss of the bee ;
But he has but scorn and disdain for me.

Spirit. Lovely Champaca, yet murmur not thou ;
Dost thou not grace the fair maiden's brow ? †
Does she not deem thee still most fair,
When she twines a wreath for her silken hair ?
Does not the rose in her envy sigh,
That she scarce with thy fragrance and beauty may vie ?
Art thou not dear to the warrior god,
Who earth as the eighth Avator trod, ‡
Yet loves to dwell on the mount divine,
Encircled by the sacred nine,
And there, the rosy hours prolong,
With heavenly melody, dance, and song ?

* Varuna, the god of the Waters.

† The Hindoo girls are very fond of wreathing Champaca chaplets for their hair.

‡ Chrishna, the Hindoo Apollo, is often represented seated on the Mount Goverd'hasia, with the nine Gopia dancing in a circle round him.

Does not the god of the gentle sigh *
 Of the whispered word, and the eloquent eye,
 Of the tell-tale blush, and the heart's warm swell,
 When it glows with emotions too sweet to tell,—
 When his sugar-cane bow, with bees bestrung,
 He bends at the hearts of the fair and the young,
 And tips his darts with five fair flowers,
 The brightest that blush in his Rheti's bowers,
 While the rest with envy the favoured ones view,
 Cull *thee* for one of the chosen few ?
 Lovely Champaca—oh ! is it for thee,
 To sigh at the slights of the vagrant bee ?

Flower. Spirit who ro'v'st thro' the fields of air,
 And lovest to make in the light cloud thy lair,
 When the lyres of the tuneful Ghundarvas* are strung,
 And strains so divine to the breezes are flung,
 That the genii who guide the bright orbs on their way
 Half pause on their spheres as they list to the lay,—
 Tell not of beauty, or fragrance, or power ;
 Nor beauty, nor fragrance is prized by thy flower.
 What boots it the charms that the maidens can prize,
 If they are no charms in my chosen one's eyes ?
 What boots it the praises that call me so fair,

* Camadeva, the god of Love, and the husband of Rheti, or affection. His bow is of the sugar-cane, and his arrows tipped with flowers.

* Ghundarvas, celestial choristers.

When the voice that could make praises sweet is not there ?
What boots it the homage e'en Cama can pay,
While the bee that I sigh for still turns him away ?
Oh ! Love has a kingdom, a world of its own,
And one cherished thought, from which all take their tone ;
One shrine, where it bends with a rapture so fond,
That it scarce knows a wish or a feeling beyond.
In the voice of the *one*, sweeter music it hears,
Than the concords celestial that sound from the spheres ;
Nor earth, ocean, or air boast a charm that can vie,
With a glance of delight from the chosen one's eye.
What, what then has earth in its pride and its power
To solace that love in its desolate hour ?
When the bright sun that tinted life's flowers with a hue
Which their first and their fairest till then never knew,
Has set, and for ever—and left but a gloom,
Whose shadows no gay second morn shall illume—
Will the lorn one be lured upon pleasure's smoothed main
To embark its fond feelings, and wreck them again ?
In the casket of wealth, or the dark mask of pride,
Will it deign the sad relics of anguish to hide ?
Will it bend at the shrine of ambition ? Oh, no !
Earth has one solace then, and *but* one to bestow.
When the beauty is faded it boasted before,
And the sweets that were fragrant are fragrant no more,
When it droops the sad head o'er the leaves that bestrew
The sod over which they once gracefully grew ;

And the Maruts,* as on the light cloud they sail by,
O'er the wreck of the lovely are heaving the sigh,—
Then, then shall the griefs of the sufferer be o'er,
For the breast where they rankled shall feel them no more.

Edgar listened to the song with almost breathless attention. The voice and style of singing were so precisely the same, that he really began to doubt if Luslaya, however incomprehensible the fact, were not indeed standing before him. There was also, or at least it so seemed to him, an occasional faltering and hesitation in her singing, which accorded but ill with the practised confidence of a professed Nautch girl; and he even fancied that when in the earnestness of feeling he had pressed closer towards her, she had appeared to observe and address her song pointedly to him. The applause of the crowd at the conclusion, aroused him from a bewildering reverie; and while he hesitated between a desire of at once solving the enigma by addressing her, and a fear of attracting notice and ridicule, he observed that while she was wholly inattentive to the annas, rupees, and mohurs,

* Maruts, the winds.

which those who had been attracted by her song showered at her feet, as they dispersed, (a negligence, however, which her companions seemed to consider as by no means a proper model for imitation,) her regards, as far as her mask allowed him to judge, appeared steadily fixed upon himself. Doubting whether this might not be intended as a hint that he had not yet contributed his *douceur*, (for notwithstanding the singularity of the resemblance he could not persuade himself that it was actually *Luslaya*,) he drew out his purse. The songstress immediately stepped forward, and while receiving the gift he offered her, cautiously placed in his hand a small folded paper. More than ever astonished, he threw a hurried glance around him, and perceiving that those who had stood near, were now drawn off to witness the performance of the Nautch dance, by another of the girls, tore it eagerly open, and read as follows:—

“Praise be to him who reposes on Ananta, as on a couch, and extracts the thorns from the three worlds. The genii who ride upon the

sable clouds of strife, have woven a snare for the feet of the orphan's friend ; but Varahi has heard the prayer of the child of his bounty, and permitted her to breathe in his ear the words of warning. Be thine accustomed road by the park, shunned to-night like the shadow of the Chandelah ; the mantle of death darkens the path, and revenge is sharpening his thirsty steel. Let not the young and the bold be slow to receive the whispers of caution : the osier that bends before the Maruts, in their anger, outlives the blast which lays the stubborn peepul in the dust. May the shield of Carticeya preserve thee beneath its mighty shade, and the malignant genii that hover round thy path be scattered by Narasinh !—What can I say more ?”

CHAPTER XI.

“ Keep your eye on him—
Watch him as you would watch the wild boar, when
He makes against you, in the hunter’s gap—
Like him, he must be speared.”

BYRON.

WHILE this billet certainly set at rest every doubt of the singer’s identity, it left the cause of her appearance more inexplicable than ever. That any danger could possibly menace him, who believed himself without a single enemy, and even if so, how such an isolated being could obtain a knowledge of it, were certainly sufficient matters for surprise. On turning to receive explanation on both these points, he

found that she had withdrawn herself during his perusal of her letter. The tinkling of the small bells, however, announced that the Nautch dance was still proceeding; and he made his way with more eagerness than ceremony, through those who were witnessing the exhibition. But he looked in vain for Luslaya; neither herself, nor her companion in the song, (whom he now concluded to have been Bewa,) were anywhere to be seen.

Reduced thus to form his conclusions on the evidence of the paper itself, he was giving it a second reading, when Francis Aimwell came up to him,—“ Ah, ah! sits the wind that way?” said he, as his eye glanced on the feminine characters; “ depend upon it, my fine fellow, if I catch you conning billets-doux in corners, in this manner, I shall just drop a hint to Clara, for your special benefit.”

Edgar was in no mood for banter, and his only reply was putting the billet into his friend's hand, whose looks sobered almost instantly. He read it through, turned it over, looked at Edgar, and then read it again.

“Devilish queer!” he said at last; “how did you come by it?”

Edgar related the circumstances.

“Perfectly romantic, upon my word; and like all romance, I suspect, founded on fiction. You protégée’s simplicity, and half knowledge of English, have taken fright at a shadow, I will answer for it. Who, do you think, would consider you worth hanging for?”

“That is what perplexes me. I have no enemies, that I am aware of. Certainly, I never intentionally gave any one cause to be such.”

During this time, Francis had been scanning the billet again. “It is strange,” he said; “the little gipsey certainly seems to know what she is writing about. After all, the wisest plan will be to attend to the warning. There will then be no harm done, whether there is any danger or not. You can as well get home by going through—”

“Turn my back on peril!” interrupted Edgar; “I never did that yet, Frank.—No, my resolution is fixed. What the danger is, and how any should exist at all, are certainly inex-

plicable ; but I cannot think that Luslaya would disturb either me or herself, without some grounds ; and if I have indeed a concealed enemy, it shall not be my fault if I do not know who he is before I sleep.”

Aimwell earnestly endeavoured to dissuade him from what he called a useless piece of quixotism ; but finding him inflexible, proposed that, at least, a select number of the household should accompany him. But this Edgar declined, on the ground of the ridiculous light in which he must appear to the servants, if, after so much precaution, there should be no traces of danger ; arguing besides, that in an enterprise like the present, caution and celerity were better auxiliaries than strength ; as the advance of a large party could scarcely be accomplished without sufficient noise to give vigilant adversaries notice of their approach, and allow them time for escape.

Compelled to admit the force of these objections, Francis next proposed, that himself and Martindale, with at least their body servants, should accompany him ; urging the uncertainty

of the nature of the danger, or the extent of the means which might be required to quell it. But Edgar's soldierly pride was touched by the possibility of allowing Martindale to suppose that he hesitated to encounter an only problematical danger unassisted ; and it was only by a positive assurance, that, in the event of his refusal, he would declare the facts to their host, and follow him with what force he could collect, that Francis at last wrung from him a reluctant consent to his being himself his companion.

This being at length arranged, they again mixed with the company ; for Edgar's pride would not allow him to retire a moment earlier than usual ; and now that his mind had some object which claimed its energies, and some stimulus to rouse it from its state of moody inaction, he even felt himself capable of entering into the gaieties around him ; if not with cordiality, at least without so severe an effort as it had cost him in the earlier part of the evening. Still he did not dare trust himself near Clara ; and as he wandered through the rooms, the tinkling of the Nautch dancers' bells would

immediately draw him towards the performance, and he would scan the groupe of dancers one by one, with considerable earnestness, and then walk away with a dissatisfied air, as if disappointed of the object of his search.

At last came the hour of leaving. Edgar's characteristic ardour had now something on which to employ itself; and his eagerness for the issue of the adventure kept them in rapid motion till the outline of the park began to be visible in the distance. At this point they halted, and having prepared their arms for immediate use in case of exigence, proceeded with more caution, carefully reconnoitring the ground as they advanced. The calm clearness of an Eastern night, when the moon, shining with a brilliancy unknown in European climates, almost gives the inhabitants a mimic day, compelled them to shroud their approach beneath the shade of the wall; and in this order they continued to advance without obstruction, or discovering any traces of a foe.

"As I told you," whispered Aimwell, "here are no enemies but fire-flies and musquitoes.

Tell your little Hindu to learn English better before she again frightens honest people out of the little sense that Heaven has given them."

"Do not condemn her yet," said Edgar, in the same under tone. "We are approaching a part where the trees overhang the path on each side, with a shadow like that of an English midnight. There, if any where, is our skirmish point. See, there is the place."

"And a very proper place to cut a throat in, it seems to be; and if we keep the path, we shall soon be as excellent a mark for a pistol shot as any rascal could wish. Had not we better fetch a compass and reconnoitre the quarters?"

"I propose doing so," replied Edgar: "I know what you are going to say, Frank, but you shall run no risks for me, while I stand idle. I go myself; and if I want help, I will call for it."

"It not good," interrupted his sice, who being a sort of confidential man, sometimes took a favorite's license. "Saib stay here, till Dhoola tell him what do." And throwing himself upon the ground as he spoke, he began to crawl

forward so noiselessly, that not even the rustling of the dried leaves which strewed the ground, gave evidence of his progress. Edgar did not oppose his departure, for he knew that the peculiar dexterity of the natives in feats of this nature rendered it an office of little comparative peril ; and after again inspecting his arms, and putting them into such a position as might bring them soonest into play in case of emergency, he awaited the result of Dhoola's espionage. But, although he had seen many specimens of Hindu adroitness, he was almost startled, when after intently watching for some time the route he had taken, without seeing any signs of his reëpearance, on turning to consult Aimwell on the propriety of advancing to his assistance, in case he had been discovered and seized, he saw him rising from the earth almost close to his side, having, with true Hindu wariness, fetched a compass about, lest his twice traversing the same ground might expose him to observation. He stated that there were several men lying concealed beneath a cluster of trees a little beyond them ; but the thick branches so far excluded

the light of the moonbeams, that he could obtain no clue, either to their persons or their exact number ; while the dead silence which they preserved rendered the ear of the emissary as unserviceable as his eye. Edgar, with whose natural impetuosity their previous caution had but ill accorded, and whom the occurrences of the last week had rendered even less inclined than usual to calculate the chances of escaping with life, was now for advancing boldly upon the liers-in-wait, and quitting a pace which he said resembled more the stealing of robbers upon their booty, than the open defiance of those who seek and dare their enemies. Even the caution which the vicinity of the strangers so imperatively prescribed, could not quite stifle the sound of Aimwell's subdued laugh, as he listened to these observations.

"It is a lucky thing," he whispered, "that I do not happen to be your patron in the army. I am afraid the wisdom and generalship of this arrangement would not lead me to reward it with a Colonelcy. You learn that some men are sitting under those trees ; but what authority does that

give you for attacking them? It would make but a lame defence in a court of justice, I doubt, if you were tried for murdering two or three of these rascals."

"And that is true, too," observed Edgar; "but what are we to do? I cannot bear this suspense much longer."

"Let me take the command, and then you will have sufficient employment in looking on with admiration. Those people have as much right to sit there, as we have to stand here—arguing from first principles, you see—therefore, to justify our attacking them, we must have some proof that they are the rascals we seek. If we go openly up to them, they have their choice, of either quietly shooting us down as we approach, or decamping, in order to lay some new snare which may not have a little Peri to unravel it."

"Well, well, agreed. I will agree to any thing if you will only tell me what you propose, How can you be so tedious?"

"My compliments—but to the point—I advise, that we take a lesson from friend Dhoola

here, and creep after him till we get within ear-shot; and while we lie perdu, my sice shall start your horse along the road. It is too dark under the trees for them to perceive the want of a rider. If they let him pass, we may conclude they are not the persons we want. If they are, they will act in some way that will enable us to pounce upon them in as lion-like a manner as you please, and have all the law in Bengal upon our side. What do you think of that plan? It strikes me, that if I were a commander—but there—I say nothing.”

However averse Edgar might be to the continuance of their stealthy approach, he could not dispute its reasonableness. The party therefore proceeded to place themselves under Dhoola's directions, and advanced with what our hero considered a very excellent imitation of their guide's noiseless progress. The latter, however, was not so well satisfied, and he several times paused, to make, what Edgar conceived, a useless gesture of caution. But he was soon convinced that he had not allowed sufficiently for the practised keenness of an Indian ear; for,

while he was eagerly straining his regards in every direction, without being able to discover the slightest trace of the reported ambuscade, the dim light that skirted the horizon was suddenly darkened by the outline of several human heads, which seemed to rise out of the earth, as if attracted by some unusual sound. Dhoola was instantly as motionless as a statue ; not a limb stirred, and his very breathing was inaudible ; this, of course, arrested the progress of those who were behind, and the depth of the shadows which fell around them apparently prevented their recognition ; for, after remaining stationary a few moments, the heads vanished as suddenly as they had appeared, the line of light which skirted the horizon was again unbroken, and the eye—at least the eye of an European—could discover no trace of a human being. This warning at once of the proximity and alertness of those they were in search of, convinced Edgar that Dhoola's cautions were not so needless as he had conceived ; and his anxiety lest his concealed foe should escape him, operated so effectually as a check upon his im-

petuosity, that they advanced near enough to distinguish the figures of the objects of their suspicion crouched upon the grass, almost in the posture of tigers waiting to spring upon their prey. Apparently their approach was unsuspected, for the party gave no signs of alarm, but lay in perfect silence, and so motionless, that the eye could with difficulty distinguish them from the shadows which the branches of the trees and shrubs had cast around them. At this moment, the sound of horses' hoofs was faintly heard in the distance; one of the heads was again elevated, and a voice which Edgar fancied was not entirely unknown to him, said softly, in Bengalee, "Is he not coming?"

The reply was so low and indistinct, that Edgar could not catch its meaning, and was succeeded by an interval of silence, and, at least to him, of painful suspense. His feelings were now upon their full stretch. The being whom he had been taught to believe menaced his life, was but a short distance from him; a few moments more would decide whether he was indeed the foe he suspected him, and if so, prove

the signal for a deadly struggle. His eye was rivetted upon his figure with a steadiness that might have rivalled the fixed gaze with which the serpent fascinates his victim; and though a moment's reflection might have convinced him that all recognition was impossible, in a place where the darkness rendered even the outline confused and indistinct, he still endeavored to shape the form before him into some known object. One moment the thought glanced across his mind, whether Mr. Aimwell had not taken this mode of effectually preventing his daughter's disgracing herself by an alliance with a beggar. The next instant he condemned himself for such an injurious suspicion, and half shrunk from the side of Francis, as if so foul a thought of the father had rendered him unworthy to stand so near the son. Several other conjectures succeeded, and were all dismissed as equally improbable; when he suddenly recollected that in returning homeward on the night of his ruin, in that state which produces a desperate disregard alike of our own feelings, and those of others, he had carelessly, to say the least, ridden against

a Portuguese gentlemen, named Vildosola, and though he certainly had made an apology, neither its terms or manner had been such as they would have been at another moment ; and as he recalled the provocation, and remembered the mode of avenging injuries which is unhappily so common among the nation to which the present recipient belonged, he wondered that he had not earlier suspected him of being his concealed enemy. So strong was now the presentiment, that he began to imagine a resemblance in the form of the being before him, and to scrutinize his figure with so much eagerness and so little caution, that had not the approaching horse engaged the undivided attention of the ambuscade, his discovery must have been inevitable. But the sound of the hoofs had now become so distinct, and were evidently approaching so rapidly, that the strangers seemed to have neither eye nor ear for anything beside. Their figures gradually rose higher from the earth, and approached the path by which the animal was advancing. As Edgar witnessed these demonstrations, even the recollection that,

however strong the probabilities might be, there was still no proof to justify his attack, could scarcely restrain him from precipitating himself on his supposed foe. His pulse beat with increased vehemence, his blood circulated with unwonted rapidity; and in the struggle between his eagerness and his judgment, the first was every moment becoming stronger, when the horse turned an angle of the road, and rapidly approached them. The figure in which Edgar now fancied he had detected a strong resemblance to Mr. Vildosola, seemed to regard the animal for a moment with fixed attention; when turning to his companions, he exclaimed, still in Bengalee, and in an under tone, "It is he—I distinguish the white horse which I know Arlington rides to-day. Down with him, and remember your reward."

"First take Arlington's reward for yourself," was the reply that burst on his astonished ear, and in the same moment he found himself in grasp of Edgar. Hindus are characteristically superstitious, and this attack was so sudden and unlooked for, that with a wild cry of

“ Daitya—daitya!!” five or six natives, who formed the ambuscade, rushed wildly among the shrubberies in different directions, without dreaming of resistance to what seemed to them a supernatural assault. Edgar’s antagonist, however, was evidently a man of great muscular powers; he struggled desperately to release himself, and our hero’s foot chancing to become entangled in a low shrub, he lost his balance, and lay for a moment at the mercy of his foe. This had all occurred with such rapidity, that Edgar’s companions, whom his impetuosity had outstripped, had not yet reached the scene of action. The gripe of the stranger tightened round his throat, and his eye caught the gleam of steel above his head, as it flashed in the brightness of the moonbeam, when a loud cry was heard from behind—a new antagonist closed with the unknown—a short, but desperate struggle followed—and then the stranger sunk down upon the green sward, with the poniard of Dhoola buried in his breast.

These occurrences, though so lengthy in detail, were in action the work of so short a time,

that on the coming up of Aimwell, the affray was ended, and Edgar was bending over his late antagonist, to discover whether there still remained in him any signs of life. He spoke not—moved not—nor exhibited the slightest appearance of consciousness; but a faint motion of the heart told that life was not quite extinct; and actuated both by anxiety to identify his person more positively, (though from the height and form of the body, he was already strengthened in his suspicion of its being Mr. Vildosola) and unwillingness to leave the poor wretch to expire in his present desolate situation, Edgar and Francis raised him in their arms—for all attempts to induce the sices, either by threats or promises, to pollute themselves by touching what was, to all appearance, a lifeless corpse, were utterly unavailing—and bore him between them towards our hero's house; the servants remaining in the rear to keep watch, lest that portion of the party which had escaped, should shake off their fears, and endeavour to recover the body of their leader. This precaution, however, proved needless, for they arrived without

any further interruption at Edgar's residence, when the lights of the Massalgies flashing upon their burthen, discovered a countenance, which, among our hero's wildest suspicions of his enemy's identity, had never once crossed his thoughts—the countenance of Captain Kreutzer.

His astonishment at this discovery was scarcely less than that with which he had received the first intimation of the plot. He had no knowledge of the Captain, beyond the casual acquaintance to which we have already adverted ; and when he had, two days before, paid him the greater part of his losses, and placed securities in his possession for the remainder, they had apparently parted on the best possible terms. He revolved, over and over again, what had passed between them, endeavouring to recollect whether any offensive word or gesture had escaped him, for which, with the vindictive spirit, rather cultivated than restrained among so many of his countrymen, he might consider that his honour called upon him for revenge ; and though he was unable to charge himself with any such oversight, yet that some such

offence had unwittingly been given, seemed the only cause which could possibly have occasioned the Captain's enmity. But whatever the origin of the injury, and however unworthy the means of satisfaction employed, Edgar was sufficiently a Christian to remember only, at this moment, that the being before him was suffering and helpless, and that the last act of the spirit which seemed about to quit its earthly tenement, had been a crime of so deep and awful a dye, that humanity turned shuddering from the contemplation of that spirit's being hurried from its very commission, into the presence of an offended God. In the hope of being able to prevent, if possible, so awful a consummation—or at least delaying the moment of death, till the wretched man should have been enabled to make some preparation, if weak and imperfect, for that change which the best among us may well regard with awe—Edgar half forgot that the hand which lay so motionless in his, had been clutched around his throat—that the heart, whose powers he was now (though to all appearance vainly) endeavouring to reäni-

mate, had last throbbed with virulent animosity towards himself, and had probably lost its consciousness in the very moment that it was smarting with regret for the failure of its infamous design upon the life of a fellow being.


CHAPTER XII.

I boast one solace yet—
One last, one dear, one sad—Oh! 'tis when Eve
Dispreads her dew-wove veil, when no rude eye
Marks my wan cheek, slow step, and start abrupt,
To wander, and to muse unmarked, unknown;
To trace the thought no breast has e'er conceived,
To heave the sigh no ear has ever drank,
And *thine* must never!

MATURIN.

IN order to account for the part which Lus-
laya bore in the foregoing transactions, a part
so utterly at variance with her character as a
woman, and her feelings as a Hindu, it is ne-
cessary to retrograde a little in the order of
our narration.

The house in which Edgar resided was situated near the river. Close to one side of the grounds were several of the picturesque bungalows which, with their small but generally neat and tasteful plantations, contribute so greatly to the beauty of the Barrackpore scenery. The other side was uncultivated, and a small door opened upon a piece of ground which led down to the river's bank. Here the hand of art was not visible; all was in that wild but beautiful luxuriance in which Nature loves to clothe herself. The grass in some places grew so high as almost to form a miniature jungle; and a number of mango trees, with here and there a chulta or a guava, grew down to the water's edge, as if they, like the human natives of the soil, loved and revered the sacred stream of the Ganges. As this spot was wholly unfrequented, Luslaya, whom the privacy so habitual to Eastern females did not permit to appear on the public promenade, would sometimes steal out, accompanied by her ayah, to enjoy the cool breezes which make the evenings in these climates so refreshing and so delightful.



Having never met any one in these little excursions, she had on the present evening ventured to go alone, and followed the course of the river with the hurried and unequal pace which is often the companion of some internal emotion. After proceeding for some time, she stopped, looked around her with the half shrinkingness, half confidence of a young gazelle, and then cautiously descending to the water's edge, drew from beneath her courtée a small vessel which contained a lighted lamp, and launched it with a trembling hand upon the bosom of the Ganges. It is, as most of my readers are aware, believed among this simple people, that when the heart is anxious concerning the termination of some important event, it may, by this process, learn its *nisib*: if the lamp reaches the opposite side in safety, it is an omen of success to the person who launches it; if it sinks, hope perishes with it. In the fixed eye and anxious countenance of Luslaya, as she watched her fragile bark, might be easily seen how undoubtingly she believed in this augury. She watched it steadily, as it was wafted lightly and

peacefully towards Serampore. As it passed a little creek, a larger wave than usual almost hid it from the view ; she advanced nearer to the brink—her body was bent forward in an attitude of intense interest, and her hands seemed, by a purely mechanical movement, to lock themselves in each other. A moment after, and the lamp again shone brightly, as it bounded along the top of the wave, which had threatened its destruction—her hands unclasped themselves, and her beautiful lips gradually parted into a faint smile. The little bark had now almost gained the middle of the stream, where the currents were stronger and more rapid—it was nearly swamped—it righted, and was evidently making its way towards a beautiful piece of smooth water, which promised it comparative safety, when a larger wave than it had yet encountered, struck it on its side. The lamp was lost, and again became visible—it seemed to be righting, when another wave swept remorselessly over it, and it disappeared for ever.

The simple girl watched the danger and final destruction of her little temple of hope with a

quivering lip, and a tearful eye. She continued to look anxiously for some moments, in the hope that it would appear again; and when she was at length painfully convinced that it was indeed gone for ever, she leaned for support against a mango tree that grew near her, round the branches of which several graceful creepers had entwined themselves, and the sigh that swelled within her bosom was so deep, that it almost seemed as if the overloaded heart had burst in its emission.

From the melancholy indulgence of these feelings, she was aroused by the sound of a human voice at a little distance; and awakened to the recollection of her imprudence in having ventured so far, without even the slender protection of her ayah, she gazed round her in alarm, but could distinguish nothing—she listened, heard the sounds again, and evidently approaching the spot where she stood. Hastily wrapping her dopotter closer round her form, she glided away a few paces, and had scarcely concealed herself among the high grass, when

she saw two men approach, and halt under the very tree which she had just quitted.

Blessing the approach of night, whose deepening shadows helped to screen her from observation, she nestled still closer in the friendly grass, trembling like the frightened dove, and far too much occupied with the novel terrors of her situation, to think of heeding the discourse of her unwelcome neighbours, till she accidentally caught the name of Arlington.

Nothing connected with that name—the name of him who had so many claims upon her gratitude—could be uninteresting to Luslaya: but if she half forgot her terrors in the new interest which was now excited in her bosom, it was only to have them return with tenfold force, when she found herself listening to a plot against the life of Edgar—when she heard all the horrid minutæ arranged with the most perfect sang froid—the route by which he always returned—the place best adapted for assailing him—the probable time of his passing—the manner in which the ambuscade was to be arranged—and the reward that was to follow the completion of the

deed. All these topics were introduced in order, and discussed in such a business-like way, as evinced a set of beings too well accustomed to their horrid trade to suffer a thought of compunction to mingle with their plans. And as Luslaya lay and listened, fearing lest her very breathing should betray her, she almost fancied that she had wandered beyond the haunts of men, and unwarily obtruded on some unhallowed lair of the Asuras; so incomprehensible did it appear to her, that any but malignant spirits could either hold such discourse, or devise any evil against one so good and so perfect as her young protector. But the assassins had no sooner arranged their nefarious plans, and departed to prepare for their accomplishment, than every thought but one vanished. He to whom she owed her life—who had since added to the character of preserver, that of guide, of friend, of father,—he was in peril, and of what could the grateful girl think, but of the means of averting the threatened danger? She regained the house with a speed of which at another time she would have been incapable; but on

seeing Edgar's mother, in acquiring her with the intelligence, and under the rest in her experienced hands, she learned that she was absent.

Elizabeth was now in despair : recoiled as she had over death and ignorance of the world and its dangers, this was a matter above her own management—and yet there was not a moment to lose. The only suggested idea that she seemed to have, was that if Edgar could be warned of his danger, he might reach his home in another hour, and all would then be well ; but how to convey the intelligence to him ? She dared not wait a single instant of such moment to answer, lest they might be in the interest of the assassin : and if she merely despatched a sealed letter, there was a probability that the bearer, ignorant of the pressing nature of the communication he carried, might carelessly loiter till the warning voice arrived too late. It seemed, indeed, that the specimen of human depravity which she had just witnessed, made her at this moment shrink from relying upon any one ; and though the objections offered by the customs of

her country to her undertaking the task herself, which would at another time have seemed insurmountable, were, in this moment of anxiety, but light when weighed against her preserver's safety, still she knew not how to effect it. In this dilemma, she bethought herself of applying to Bewa, merely telling her it was indispensable that she should see Edgar immediately ; when the ayah at once opened a path to the desired object, by informing her that a company of Nautch girls had passed through Barrackpore not long before, who were to perform the Nautch dance on that evening at several entertainments at Calcutta, and amongst the rest, at the house where Edgar was known to be. Here was a mode of effecting her design ; a golden key, as Bewa suggested, would easily open the door of admission to this party, and ensure her a passport into the presence of Edgar free and unquestioned. The society was certainly not of the most reputable kind, particularly to a Hindu, by whom the very occupation of dancing is considered disgraceful ; but Luslaya had constantly before her eyes the

bleeding figure of her protector, and to avoid that terrifying image, would almost have broken caste itself. She eagerly caught at the gleams of hope held out to her, commissioned Bewa to make every arrangement for facilitating the scheme, so that she might not herself be compelled to hold the slightest intercourse with the degraded creatures of whom she was to appear the associate ; and shrouded in a palanquin, and under the protection of the ayah, soon found herself in the mansion of General Gordon, transformed into a dancing girl, and moving among scenes of elegance and dazzling splendour, which her unpractised eye half deemed the brilliant palace of some enchanter.

Still the end of her metamorphosis remained unanswered : the Nautch dance had been performed by her companions in several of the apartments, while she, “ among them, but not of them,” vainly sought to discover the figure of Edgar among the lookers-on. Her young heart fluttered violently between the emotions of hope and fear ;—now dreading that he had left the party, and that the warning voice was too late ;

and now fancying she discerned his figure at a little distance. As this last belief was still disappointed, for Edgar, during this period of anxiety to his young protégée, was indulging his melancholy reflections beneath the tat, she be-thought herself of the song which she had learnt for him. If really within hearing, his favourite air would certainly attract him ; and perhaps he might even feel some little interest in the voice of her who sang it. She shrunk from the thought of such an exhibition of herself, but it was a last stake, and trembling like the aspen leaf in the blast, she forced herself to begin.

The success of this attempt has been already told. Not having been able to hear the name of his enemy, but gathering sufficient to know that he was in habits of intercourse with him, she dreaded lest the assassin might, even in the hour of festivity, have his eye upon his intended victim ; and fearing that if so, a circumstance so likely to attract attention as her addressing Edgar, might excite his suspicions, and prompt him to change his place of rendezvous, and thus render nugatory her simple plan of saving our hero,

by inducing him to avoid the danger, she had prepared a chit, in the hope of being able to convey it covertly into his possession. It has been already seen how she succeeded ; and when she actually saw it in his hands, she almost burst into an audible thanksgiving to Varahi, who had so graciously deigned to grant the boon she had prayed for.

But when all was done—when the object for which so much had been braved, had been at length attained, and the words of warning had reached the eye of him whom they were intended to preserve—then, when the stimulus which had supported her through the task was gone, the recollection of what she had been engaged in, burst upon her like the pent-up stream when the barrier is suddenly withdrawn. That *she* had indeed mixed in such a scene—that *she* had exhibited herself before the gaze of hundreds—that *she* had, even in appearance, associated with Nautch dancers—and more than all, that she had thus broken through all the rules which regulated female decorum among

her people, for the sake of a young and handsome unbeliever—an exhibition of interest which might seem, perhaps, in his own eyes, unseemly for maiden delicacy to have shown, even for one who had such claims upon her gratitude—all this presented to the poor girl's mind, already too much strained by a series of active measures so far out of its usual quiet and gentle course, a picture so humiliating, so indelicate, and so revolting, that its effect was almost overpowering. She seemed to shrink from herself, as from a degraded being; she dared not raise her eyes to Edgar's face, lest she should there read a proof that he considered her conduct unmaidenly—she felt the burning blushes rush over her cheek in rapid succession, and half sinking with shame and confusion, eagerly caught the arm of Bewa for support, and hurried from the room.

Still there was a feeling which, even in the present tumult of her mind, would not be forgotten. When near the door, she paused, hesitated, and then whisperingly enquired of Bewa

if she to whom the Aune^{*} of Camadeva had brought the whisperings of love from Edgar, was then in the apartment. The ayah pointed out an elegant figure, moving gracefully along at a short distance, rich in a profusion of beauty so dazzling, and so varied and vivid in expression, that the delighted eye of a beholder might well have been perplexed to point out to what feature it was most indebted for its charming fascination. Luslaya contemplated the brilliant display of female loveliness thus disclosed to her with deep attention, and then said to Bewa, as she turned slowly away, "She is lovely as the Gopia that dance around the throne of Heri;† and if the soul indeed expand itself in the face, she might dispute the palm of virtue even with the race of Pandu.‡ She is worthy to bend with him before the perfumed altar of Manma-

* Aune^y, a fabulous bird, with rich plumage, said by the Hindus to carry the messages of Cama.

† Heri, a name of Crishna, the Indian Apollo. — The Gopia answer nearly to the Muses of the Grecian mythology.

‡ The Virtues are personified as the sons of Pandu.

din.* May the genii that love the good strip the thorns from the roses that deck their path, and affection steal his fairest chaplet from the dancing-eyed spirit of joy, and twine it round their brows for ever !”

* Manmadin, a name of Camadeva, or the god of love.

CHAPTER XIII.

“What have I done, that thou dar’st wag
Thy tongue in noise so rude against me?”

SHAKSPEARE.

MARTINDALE was seated alone at his breakfast table, surrounded by all those appliances and means which usually tempt the languid appetite : but whether his attempts to negotiate with Mr. Aimwell on Edgar’s behalf had proved unsuccessful, whether his own losses on that unlucky night which had clouded the star of our hero’s destiny, had reduced his finances to a lower ebb than he had been willing to allow, or from what

other cause of discontent, he seemed in no mood to do justice to his consumah's skill; the fried coccup upon his plate remained without mutilation—the plantain that he had divided was still untouched—and his abdar would have mourned could he have seen how the water which his exertions had reduced almost to an icy coldness, was suffered by his master to stand exposed to the full influence of an eastern sun. After remaining some time in a deep reverie, Martindale started from his chair, and took several hurried turns round the room, a promenade which was soon interrupted by the sound of a hasty step on the outside. From the frown which gathered on his countenance, Martindale seemed preparing to greet the intruder with no pleasing reception, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and the vacant space filled up by the figure of Edgar.

Martindale's start of surprise was easy to be explained by a glance at the pale and haggard, but still agitated features of his visitant. But he recovered himself almost in the same instant, courteously bowed to a chair, and invited his

gave a glance at the scarcely touched breakfast. "The latter declined. 'We will wait,' said Mr. Martinale," he said in a moment more. "in I come on a repulsive business."

"Indeed, my friend?" replied his host, with a look of sympathy: "and what is the nature?"

"Captain Kreutzer.—when did you see him last?"

"I think it was the day before yesterday. If you wish to see him, I am afraid you are too late, for I remember he told me that he was going down to Canara."

"Then you have no reason to suppose that he is still in the neighbourhood?"

"Not the slightest, for Kreutzer's plans are generally carried into execution. Why do you ask, if it is a fair question?"

"Because I know—I mean, do you think—that is—psha!—I am a plain man, Mr. Martinale, and cannot run a circle round an object when there is a direct road to it. I know you to be a villain, and I am come to tell you so!"

Both started from their seats at the same

instant, and confronted each other for some moments in silence. Martindale was the first that spoke.

“This is strong language, Captain Arlington, and language to which I am not accustomed to listen with my hand idle. But a friend may say much—at least I will have forbearance to wait his explanation,—what do you accuse me of?”

“Do you find it necessary to ask?” said Edgar, solemnly; “is there no monitor within that seconds my accusation, and fills up the blank in a manner which renders words superfluous?”

“I am unwilling to suppose that Captain Arlington means to bring so grave a charge against his friend, and sustain it with figure and declamation. To the point, sir!

“Where shall I begin?” inquired Edgar, with a bitter smile: “is it needful to inform you, that an ambuscade was last night laid for my life?”

“I disdain,” replied Martindale, haughtily, and drawing up his tall figure to its full height, “to notice the insinuation that is couched under

your word. A sharp reckoning for the whole shall come in its fitting time. Proceed, sir."

"My presence here may tell you the plot has failed. Your minion, Kreutzer, met the fatal blow which was intended for me, and he got in encounter the frown of an incensed God. Before he died, he disburdened his conscience in a confession which enables me not only to call you the author of the plot, but also of that by which I was plundered of my property on a former occasion."

"I suspected the sword came from that scabbard," replied Martindale, in an unembarrassed tone. "You bring a charge against me of a nature to excite an honest man's indignation; but I am calm, because I see you are acting under the influence of a villain's delusions. It is painful to unmask one whom I have long thought well of; but there is no other way to avoid the effects of his malignant accusations, than to shew you the true character of him who has made them. I had for some time suspected him of being more dissolute than he appeared, which was partly my reason for regretting that

he obtruded upon us the evening when you suffered so severely, and for doing all I could to stop your infatuation. I was therefore less surprised than I should otherwise have been, when, a few days since, he tried to gain my assistance to his carrying off your Hindu protégée. I not only refused my consent, but resolving to keep no terms with a man who could so deliberately break through all the ties of friendship and honour, insisted that he should quit the settlement, on pain of my acquainting you with his baseness. He was hot ; words ran high, and I remember, that he threatened my refusal should prove my ruin. By your telling me he has attempted your life, I conclude, that persisting in his designs, he sought to remove you, in order to their easier accomplishment ; and finding the dart recoil upon himself, has endeavoured at once to gratify his malignity, and remove some of the odium, by poisoning your mind against me. This is a short statement of the facts—I have certainly injured you, and I am sorry for it ; for it was through me you were first acquainted with him : and I can only offer in ex-

"THEY ARE THE SAME THINGS," HE SAID, "BECAUSE THE REASONING WHICH I USE IN REGARDING THE ONE FACT DOES NOT CHANGE IN CONNECTION THE OTHER. YOU ARE NOT UNDER THE NECESSARY IMPRESSION WHICH YOU HAVE FORMED FROM THE FACT — THAT MY WORK WILL BE A SUCCESS WHEN YOU BECOME COA. YOU WILL BE TENDING TOWARDS THE SAME — THAT THE IN THE MIND OF A MAN WHOSE INTEREST AND COURSE OF AN UNKNOWN FUTURE, WHOSE PRINCIPLES AND CHARACTER ARE NOT SUCCESSFULLY HE HAD CONCEALED THEM FROM IS NOT TRULY DEVELOPED BY THE CRIME WHICH HE FIRST INTENDING TO COMMIT."

Edgar regarded Martin's in some moments before he answered him—"That the ingenuity, which on the spur of the moment has manufactured this defence, been employed in seeking a life of virtue, what a man might not have been made! But your skill will not avail here; I do not depend on assertion alone. Did you ever see those signs before?" He placed his right hand on the table with the palm shut

"Ah,"... He opened two fingers—"king."

he adjusted his cravat—"queen." "Need I go further, Martindale?" he added, with earnestness and solemnity; "the eye of Him to whom the secrets of the heart lie open, is upon us; by the consciousness of His presence—by the remembrance of the vengeance prepared for crime—and by the knowledge, that a voluntary confession of it is the first step to repentance, I adjure you to tell me, do you understand these signs of secret intelligence, of contemptible trickery, and of base and deliberate fraud?"

He fixed his eye keenly on Martindale as he spoke; but that of the latter met its glance unshrinkingly. "I see," he said, in the same composed tone, "that prejudice weighs down friendship; I might perhaps have hoped for more justice; but as the tide sets too strong against me, to admit a hope that any assurances of innocence can stem it, it behoves me to look abroad, and see how these statements are likely to affect the world; and I demand of you, sir, what credit any unprejudiced person will attach to the assertions with which a convicted murderer seeks to extenuate his infamy, and how

his having discovered to you the mummery by which he pretends he cheated his dupes, proves that I had any knowledge either of that or the frauds it was intended to cover. Your credulity may impose upon yourself, and I regret it ; but you cannot, you dare not—nay sir, you may frown, but I repeat the word—you dare not seek to blast a reputation hitherto unsullied on such wretched evidence as this.”

For one naturally so impetuous, Edgar had hitherto kept his temper to admiration ; but the flame which, though smothered, had not been extinguished, began now to shew evident signs of rekindling. The colour brightened on his cheek, his eye began to sparkle, and his efforts to check the burst of his feelings rendered his voice thick and unsteady.

“ Mr. Martindale, I knew I spoke to one who had not scrupled to violate the laws of God and man ; but I had hoped it was to one who had still some lingering remains of shame left in—”

“ This is too much,” exclaimed Martindale, reddening in his turn ; “ I have listened to this too long, and you presume on my forbearance !

I would not wish to forget that you are my guest ; but there is a point beyond which patience becomes a weakness : either produce something bearing the semblance of proof, or quit this apartment."

"Be it so," said Edgar, sternly ; "listen then to a proof which will strike even your effrontery dumb. A casket, in which had been kept the correspondence that arranged these and some other dark transactions, together with the hieroglyphic that deciphered the characters, was stolen yesterday morning from Kreutzer's residence, you, perhaps, know by whose orders ; but by your tone, I conclude you do not know that both the address of the agent and the cunning of his principal were overmatched. Guilt is always suspicious, and will detect and counterplot even its colleagues in crime. The emissary obtained the casket and the packet—the very ring which sealed them was the same—but the letters were not there."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Martindale's feet, it could not have more effectually discomposed him, than did these few sentences. Both his

former composure, and the tone of security and taunting defiance which he had more lately adopted, disappeared as if beneath the wand of an enchanter, and he remained, for a moment, rivetted to the spot where he stood ; his cheek blanched to a deadly paleness, and his ashy lip quivering with intense agitation. Then springing to the side of the apartment, as if life or death hung upon the next moment, he eagerly opened his *escrutoire*, drew a casket from a secret drawer—rather tore open than unfastened it—with a trembling hand broke the seal of the packet which it contained, and found within a few folded sheets of blank paper. The contents dropped from his nerveless fingers, he gazed upon them for a moment with a vacant and bewildered stare, and then bitterly repeating the words “Fool ! dotard !” dashed the casket itself upon the floor in a paroxysm of fury, and sunk motionless into a chair.

Edgar’s eye lost a little of its fire, as he gazed on the humbled being before him. “I would rather have seen this agitation for your crime, than for its detection. You might have learnt

a better lesson from him, whom you lured to be the acting agent of your guilt. Had you witnessed the contrition of his dying hour—had you seen those agonies of remorse, which were known only to myself, and to his God—”

“You alone heard his confession, then?” interrupted Martindale, looking up with some eagerness.

“I alone.”

“Then the damning witness of my infamy may yet be crushed !” and seizing a knife that lay upon the breakfast table, he sprung towards Edgar with a ferocity of look and energy of purpose which needed no explanation. But when within a few paces of him, he recoiled as suddenly as he had advanced ; for he saw the hand of his intended victim holding a levelled pistol to his head.

“I did not come into the tiger’s den, without the power of protecting myself,” said Edgar, gradually lowering the point of his weapon, as he observed the effect it had produced ; in vain would you attempt to conceal your guilt

by fresh acts of enormity. The measure of your crimes is full."

There was a dead pause, during which the two young men continued to regard each other with a fixed and steady gaze. Edgar's countenance was firm and determined ; but Martindale's seemed agitated with a variety of contending emotions. His eye was bent on Edgar with a glance that seemed to wish, if possible, to penetrate to his very soul, and decide from that scrutiny, whether it were better to bid defiance to the storm, or to bow before its fury. At last he spoke, but the words seemed almost choked in his throat. "Arlington, I am in your power—What do you propose to do?"

"I did not come here," said Edgar, "to triumph in your humiliation ; I had a proposal to make to you, which your late attack upon me shall not alter. Your reputation, your very life are in my hands ; but I have associated with you as a friend, and you carry in your veins the blood of those who are dear to me. You are safe. I know that Kreutzer has transferred to you the profits of your joint iniquity ; restore

me this—quit the settlement—assign what reason you think fit for your absence—and that secret, which is now known only to ourselves, and to Him whose eye penetrates the deepest abysses of nature, shall never be revealed to mortal man. Go, sir; seek some distant retreat, and as you carry with you the pardon of him who could visit your crime with earthly retribution, endeavour by penitence to obtain His, who can visit it with that of heaven.”

During these words, Martindale’s eye, which till then had confronted Edgar’s with as proud and lofty a bearing as its own, and answered the glance of honest indignation with the reckless hardihood and defiance of desperation, gradually sunk under that of the speaker, till it fixed itself upon the ground; and when Edgar had concluded, he replied without raising it, but with a voice and manner which shewed that his passions still struggled with his better feelings, and that he spoke in bitterness of spirit; “Arlington, you shew me what I am!”

“We now understand each other,” said Edgar, not appearing to notice the observation,

which so noble an instance of Christian superiority had wrung from his fallen foe ; “ I have no wish to triumph, and I have enough of man’s natural feeling, to find my blood still move quick and hot in your presence. Let us then close an interview, which must be painful to both. Restore me my property, and we part for ever.”

Without any reply, Martindale went a second time to his escrutoire, drew out a bundle of papers, and laid them before Edgar.

There was a momentary smile of proud gratification, which curled the lip of the latter, as he laid his hand upon the documents which restored him to what he had been ; but it faded as his eye rested on the wild and agitated countenance of his wretched companion. He advanced towards him. “ Martindale,” he said, and the tones of sternness and resentment sank into those of pity and regret—“ we have stood beside each other in the hour of peril, and in that of pleasure—in the whirlwind of the battle-field, in the dance and the banquet hall ; our hands have been clasped in fellowship, and our

hearts have seemed united to each other. What demon could have lured you to plan the ruin of one, who never, even in thought, did anything to injure you."

His words appeared a spell, to conjure up the demon of whom he spoke; for the blanched face of Martindale suddenly flushed to the very temples, and his eye flashed fire as he exclaimed, "Name it not—the thought of it has again roused the tempest within. May every curse!—no, no—you have acted nobly, and I will not think of it.—But leave me—I will do what you propose. You shall no more be shocked by the sight of such a wretch as Martindale. I will do all—but leave me—leave me—for I am not master of myself."

The violent paroxysms which distorted his features—the quivering of his clenched hands—and the almost unearthly roll of his perturbed eye, gave full confirmation to his words; and Edgar, with a sigh of compassion for the wretched being, and an ejaculation to Him who alone can speak peace to the soul of the reprobate, quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER XIV.

“—Soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
Soon issuing forth shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white, and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round, and old and young,
In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and gazing, bless the scene ;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.”

ROGERS.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the late events opened a new and bright prospect upon our hero's destiny. With Mr. Aimwell, the marriage of his daughter, like any other business transaction, resolved itself into a question of figures. If the amount which ought to form the assets of the proposing party, fell short

of the requisite number, it was of course impossible to work the statement; but when this hiatus was filled up, the objection ceased, and the product readily gave the desired answer. It may also be imagined, that he found it no very difficult task to persuade Clara to ratify the confirmation of his hopes. His heart again learned to expand with delight, and his anxiety to secure the cup of happiness, which had once already been so nearly dashed from his lips, produced a perseverance so steady, and so successful, that only a few weeks had elapsed before the appearance of the fascinating object of his choice, in his new curricule, upon the course, blushing into richer loveliness, at the thought of where she was, gave information to the gay world of Calcutta, according to the custom of the country, that the matter was now definitely fixed.

Martindale had quitted the city on the day succeeding his interview with Edgar; and had invented so plausible a pretext for his departure, that none doubted its reality; and those who, had they known its true cause,

would have shrunk from him, like the high caste Hindu from the wretched pariah, lamented his absence as a misfortune, and regretted the necessity which had withdrawn from their circle one of its liveliest ornaments. For Edgar had been so tenacious of his promise of burying the unhappy man's errors in entire oblivion, that he left even Francis Aimwell to suppose that Kreutzer's enmity had arisen from personal hostility alone. Indeed, Francis was so perfectly satisfied on that head, that in the true spirit of British exclusiveness, he placed the crime of the individual to the account of his nation, and avowed his determination never more to have fellowship or connexion with any of those rascal Russians.

Why should I attempt to paint those feelings, the fairest and the brightest of the rays which gild the human heart—the delicious emotions of successful love? Those among my readers, who have been happy in the full fruition of their wishes, have in their own bosoms a more faithful mirror of their beauty, than I could place before them; and those who have unhappily made

shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, would see only a mockery of their own disappointments, in even a feeble delineation of the joyous expanding of the heart, the delicate but endearing tokens of reciprocal affection, the mixture of pride and gratitude, with which a man feels that there is a being who loves him, and with which he looks into the eye, whose modest sinking does not quite conceal its glance of virtuous fondness, listens to a voice which falters with its tenderness, and feels the quick beating of a heart which he knows to be all his own. Suffice it, that Edgar's goblet of happiness sparkled high and bright ; and that the only bitter ingredient which mingled with the rich beverage it contained, ' was that Luslaya did not seem quite in her usual health. Not that her indisposition had anything alarming in it : on the contrary, its vestiges were so slight, that none but those deeply interested in her welfare, would have noticed that her complexion was rather paler than usual, that there was not quite the brilliancy in her eye which had formerly sparkled there, or that her voice had grown softer and


more faint, as if from inward weakness. Slight, however, as these symptoms were, Edgar, who loved his young protégée with the affection of an attached brother,—with an affection, too, which had certainly not been diminished by her having lately forgotten the deepest prejudices of her faith and country, in the consideration of his safety, felt great anxiety at the change. His attentions to her were so unremitting, as even to abridge that portion of his time which had been usually devoted to Clara ; and it was only on her reiterated assurances, that the alteration in her health was *very* slight—indeed, almost nothing, that he was prevailed upon only to defer the celebration of his marriage till the completion of the preparations.

These words, indeed, seemed to contain a little eternity in themselves ; and between the fresh things which were daily discovered to be indispensable—the delays in obtaining the proper materials—the mistakes which took longer to rectify than the time originally necessary for the whole—and the decided improvements which suggested themselves just as the article to be

improved was on the point of completion, and which of course made it necessary to begin the whole again, there seemed no end to this worse than Cretan labyrinth. Nothing on earth, however, is quite interminable ; and in spite of the tediousness of lawyers, the blunderings of one tradesman, the procrastination of another, and the nonchalance and total absence of every thing like hurry which seemed to characterize them all, the very last hand was at length put to the very last thing,—the day dawned on which Edgar was to listen to the sweetest music which can fall upon the human ear, the faltering accents with which *the one* is dedicating her life to our service and happiness—and as he gazed on the beautiful being who was now wholly his own, watched the rich blush which contending timidity and fondness had brought upon her cheek, and felt his heart swell high in the fullness of its happiness, it had but one desire which was left ungratified. Among the congratulations which saluted him on all sides, he had not heard the voice which he most desired should bless his marriage-day—that of

his adopted sister. The day chanced to be one of those on which she had to perform a poojah of such strict austerity, that it required an absolute seclusion from all society. She had, however, commissioned Bewa to assure him of her warm wishes for his happiness, and to present him in her name with a few flowers, which the fanciful imagination of the Hindus had severally dedicated to hope, to joy, and to love. He was much affected at this simple offering, and Clara declared her positive determination to steal her away from Edgar's mother on their return from their projected excursion up the Ganges.

For this excursion, Edgar had prepared a handsome and commodious budgerow ; and his manjee was eminent for his skill in the ever-varying navigation of the river. The morning was delightful, and as the streamers fluttered gaily in the sunbeam, and a light breeze impelled the vessel gracefully along the yielding wave, and our hero sat with his lovely bride in the veranda, pointing out the beautiful varieties of the Bengal scenery, as the highly-cultivated



rice-fields, the luxuriant foliage of the guavas, chultras, and pumelrosas, and the fine plantations of lassa and tatoon,—the pagodas, sometimes half-buried in the sacred groves, and at others discovering all their fanciful and often elegant architecture, as the graceful bendings of the river disclosed them in pleasing succession—the noble buildings with which opulent Europeans had adorned the banks, and the humbler but not less interesting cottages of the Hindus, their white wicker-work and cane verandas peeping from beneath the clustering boughs of the gourds and creepers which embosomed them, while the broad-leaved plantain hung over the whole like a protecting genius,—as Edgar's eye wandered over this scene of richness, plenty, and varied beauty, and listened to the joyous song of the minas and kokiclas, as they sported from tree to tree, and the yet sweeter music of the voice of her who sat beside him, what could he do but open the flood-gates of his heart to the full tide of happiness that was eager to flow in, and be astonished at seeing

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CHAPTER XV.

“There have been times when I have said light words,
As maidens use, which made thy kind heart bleed ;
There have been moments when I have seen thee sad,
And I have cruelly sported with thy sadness.
Forgive me, oh ! forgive me, for I deemed
The hour would surely come, when the fond bride
Might well repay the maiden’s waywardness.”

MILMAN.

THE passage up the Ganges is proverbially difficult. The soft sands which form the bed of the river are continually changing their positions from the violence of the current ; and the drifting of these masses is sometimes so rapid, that even a few months will materially

alter the navigation. Edgar's manjee was, however, not only experienced, but cautious ; the breezes were light and favourable, and even the timidity of Clara was at last forgotten in the delights of the always varying, yet always beautiful scenery which surrounded them, and the society of him whose fate was now bound up with hers. Standing on the deck of the little vessel, she listened half laughingly, half serious, while her husband pointed out the tranquil beauty of the setting sun, as he took his last kiss of the Rajmahal hills, tinging their lofty summits with a flood of golden light, and prophesied that such should be the evening of their own lives. Her beautiful eye rested upon the speaker, with a glance of virtuous fondness, which needed no words to interpret it ; she drew closer to his side, found her arm linked in his by an almost instinctive movement, and each looked in the face of the other with a fulness of tranquil happiness which seemed incapable of receiving any earthly addition. But it was scarcely a moment before the delicious reverie was broken by an arch smile that played round

Clara's lip, as directing his attention to a cloud which had stolen along the horizon, and reduced the splendor which they had been admiring to a few broken rays, she enquired if he was still struck with its similitude to their future life?

While she was enjoying his attempts to rid himself of the dilemma, and mischievously increasing it by arch comments on his former remarks, the cloud in question had caught the attention of the manjee, who pointed it out to the Dandees, as indicative of an approaching storm. This expectation seemed by no means warranted by the appearances around them ; for all, both above and below, was clear and calm ; the spirit of the evening breeze glided along with a step that scarcely ruffled the placid bosom of the Ganges ; and the shadows which, with the usual rapidity of an eastern night, had already begun to steal over the hills, imparted to the whole a tone of such tranquillity, that it seemed as if nature was sinking to her repose as the hushed infant droops softly upon its mother's heart, and slumbers in the unbroken

peacefulness of innocence. Edgar was indeed so confident of the continuance of the calm, that he only consented to the precautionary measures recommended by the manjee as an indulgence to the prejudices of one whom age had taught an overweening caution. But his dream of security was soon dissipated ; for about the middle of the night he was awakened by a sound so loud and so appalling, that it was some moments before he was so far collected as to discover that it proceeded from the peals of thunder which followed each other in such rapid succession, that the whole seemed to form one continuous sound. He lost no time in hurrying upon deck, where all was tumult and confusion ; the vociferation and clamour which is an indispensable concomitant of business among the natives, was now heard above the shrill howling of the wind as it swept across the rocking vessel, and now lost in the crash of a thunder peal, while the broad glare of the lightening occasionally revealed the pale and awe-struck countenances of the affrighted crew, as they hurriedly faltered a few adjurations, or gazed in speech-

less terror at the waves of the late peaceful Ganges, raising high above their heads the foamy crests which seemed to menace their instant destruction. Aware of the necessity of immediate exertion, Edgar endeavoured to reassure them ; but the rush of the wind forced itself into his very throat, and almost choked his utterance. He exerted himself a second time with somewhat better success, for the steersman shewed signs of recognition.

“ Hold on the helm for your life ! ” shouted Edgar, “ and keep the boat’s head to the wind ; if she once broaches to while this hurricane lasts, she will be on her beam-ends directly . ”

At this moment, a broad sheet of lightning flashed full across the face of his hearer, followed by so deafening a thunder-clap that it seemed as though the portion of the heavens above their heads was rent asunder.

“ Beard of the Prophet ! ” ejaculated the terrified helmsman, and the rudder escaped from his unconscious hand.

Abandoned to her own control, and struck at the same moment by a smart gust of wind,

the budgerow swung round as if in a whirlpool, bringing her lee almost to the water's edge, and beginning to drive with great rapidity. Edgar was sufficiently a seaman to know that the danger was now become imminent ; and gaining at one bound the forsaken rudder, used every endeavour to right their little vessel. But the critical moment had been lost ; she continued to drive with violence, and when the thought of his wife had stimulated him to an exertion of strength which seemed almost to overpower the resistance of the stream, the helm broke in his hand, and the thunder peal that rolled by in the same instant sounded in his ear like the scornful laugh of the demon of the storm, over the destruction of his last hope. The vessel now drove entirely at random, pitching almost as violently as if in the open sea ; and Edgar, seeing that no exertions could now avail them, and expecting that every fresh blast would carry her over, sought the cabin, with the double intention of being at hand to make a last struggle for Clara's life, in the event of the worst, and of cheering her spirits in the meantime. The latter, indeed, was

by this time become highly necessary ; for her education and pursuits had been of a character which, while it lent an additional charm to every grace, and heightened the lustre of those fascinations which nature had bestowed with so bountiful a hand, was ill-calculated to give that strength and energy to the mind which enables it to present the rock of calmness to the wave of peril. Rather clinging to than seated on a sofa in their little cabin, with a face almost as pale as the foaming crest of the surge which beat over the vessel, she seemed the very statue of despair, and the only sign that she still retained a consciousness of what was passing around her, was a convulsive shudder, as every fresh peal rolled by upon the blast.

“ Oh, Edgar !” she exclaimed, as he roused her from this state of stupor, “ you need not speak to me. I see it in your looks. You are come to tell me that we are lost ?”

“ No, no,” he said, endeavouring to assume a cheering tone, to which his heart was far from responding—“ there is hope still. We have no

leak—the vessel has sustained no irreparable injury. and—she may ride the gale out yet.”

“Do you *think* she will?” she asked, catching him by the arm, and looking in his face with such an earnestness that his eye fell before her searching glance, for he did not dare to say he did.

“You are silent,” she said, letting go her hold of his arm, and clasping her hands despairingly; “then all is over. I knew it was. How can so slight a vessel resist a hurricane like this? There—I hear the planks bursting—I am sure I do!”

“Nay, nay, do not terrify yourself,” said he, soothingly; “all may be well—or if—I hope better things—but *if* the vessel fails us, remember in whose hands we are!”

“I know it,” she said, hurriedly: “I ought to be resigned. I know it is my duty; but it is not a light thing to part with life now—every thing is so promising—the world never seemed half so fair—and you too—just when we had promised ourselves to be *so* happy. Must we part?”

“No, Clara,” replied Edgar, drawing closer to her side as the budgerow reeled beneath the shock of a stronger gust than had yet swept over her—“no—we shall not part.”

“You *do* think so, then!” she cried with eagerness, and the shadow of her usual smile of fascination hovered for a moment upon her blanched lip. “Oh, let me hear you say so again!” But looking up in his face as she spoke, a single glance at the gloomy fixedness of his eye, made the real meaning of his words too evident for further misconstruction, and she sunk back upon the sofa without a word, and covered her face with her hands.

“Yes!” said Edgar, mournfully; “I ought not to deceive you, Clara—our case is almost hopeless; death is closing his toils round his victims, and in a few minutes the struggle must be over. I care not for myself. I have looked death in the face too often to dread confronting him again.—But you—so young, so gifted, so formed to receive and dispense delight—to see *you* perish—if I could but hope to buy your safety at the price of my own life—” and his


eye glanced rapidly round him, as if in search of something that might assist him, but returned to its gloomy fixedness, as he said bitterly, "The thought is madness!"

At this moment the budgerow struck with such violence, that her feeble planks trembled with the concussion.

"There sounded the death knell!" cried Edgar, in the calm tone of settled despair: "for to make the shore through this pitchy darkness, and in the face of such a hurricane, is a hopeless task. Clara," he continued, his voice faltering, and his eye beaming with more fondness than ever upon the beautiful form which seemed about to be ravished from him, "must I indeed see you die, without the power to save you?"

She roused herself with a sudden effort as he spoke. "If I must die," she said, "at least let me die here."—She threw herself into his arms, and as she clung to him with the fervor of a last embrace, and the long, beautiful hair which had so often occasioned an audible buzz of admiration to run through a brilliant assembly, drooped over his arm, disordered and unthought

of, he looked alternately at it and the lovely features round which it was accustomed to play, and which were now lit up with the expression which the eye of love delights to dwell on, and stood for some moments forgetful of every thing beyond it. His first feeling on awakening from this pleasing trance was one of surprise that they were still in safety. Hope began to flutter her drooping pinion again:—he ascended to the deck, and found that what he had so much dreaded had been in truth a means of strengthening their hope of ultimate preservation; for the velocity with which the budgerow drove, had embedded her so deeply in the sand, that neither the surge which broke over the exposed stern, nor the gusts which howled round her like monsters disappointed of their prey, were able to move her from the spot; and the only fear now was lest the strain on her feeble timbers should become too great, and cause them to part before the hurricane should cease. It died away, however, as suddenly as it had risen; and when the morning dawned upon the scene where the elements had so lately seemed to



THAT WE EVER SAW HER. I FOUND NO VESTIGE
OF AN UNUSUAL SWELL, A TELL-TALE SWELL
IN THE TISSUE OF THE SKIN, AS OF THE WATER
BATHING THE SKIN OF THE TENDON AT THE
POINT OF THE WRIST, HAVING IMPAIRED UPON HER SO
MUCH.

CHAPTER XVI.

——“ Saint Mary ! what a scene is here !
I’ve traversed many a mountain strand,
Abroad, and in my native land ;
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led.
Thus many a waste I’ve wandered o’er,
Clombe many a crag, crossed many a moor ;
But by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne’er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where’er I happ’d to roam !”

SCOTT.

SCENES of grandeur and sublimity usually become more impressive in proportion as they are removed from the haunts of men. There is a sort of awe which pervades the mind as the

solitudes deepen around it. Every thing seems to be on a vaster and mightier scale ; the echoes of the footsteps, or the occasional sound of a voice, only serve to mark more strongly the universal stillness which surrounds us, and we are ready to fancy ourselves presumptuously obtruding on nature in recesses not intended for human gaze. Something of this was felt by our travellers as they stood in the cave at the foot of the celebrated falls of Mootyjernah, which being in the neighbourhood of the spot on which they had been stranded, they had seized the first opportunity of Clara's recruited strength to visit. The magnificent arch formed above their heads by the spring of the waters down a precipice of upwards of a hundred feet into a natural basin below—the vast sheet of foam which they formed in their descent, and which fully vindicated their claim to the fanciful appellation of “the shower of pearls,”—the huge masses of rock which here and there broke the snowy whiteness, and meeting the full force of the descending torrent, threw up the spray to a considerable

height, while the sunbeams catching them in their descent, formed them into a myriad of miniature rainbows—and the powerful and impressive contrast produced between the roar of the vast body of waters, and the deep and death-like stillness and solitude of the woods and wildernesses which surrounded them,—each in turn seemed to become the leading feature of the scene, to impress the soul with mingled sentiments of awe and admiration, and to speak in those words of power and energy which write themselves upon the heart in characters of adamant, of the great and mighty One, among whose works such wonders are the least. Absorbed in these contemplations, where the soul seems to rise above this earth, and the things of it, and strive to grapple with the forms and ideas which lie behind the veil of eternity, Edgar felt irritated at being aroused from such a reverie by one of his servants; but the gestures with which the man sought to induce him to follow were so earnest and vehement, that he at last ascended from the cave, when he discovered, at a short distance, a party of men

engaged in a seemingly desperate struggle. He saw at a glance the great disparity between the numbers of the combatants, and fancying that he distinguished a gentleman in a European dress, among the weaker party, he at once concluded that some traveller had been attacked by the Puharries, a predatory race who infest these districts, and summoning the full strength of his retinue, bore down with alacrity to the rescue. But the assailing party did not wait their arrival, for they no sooner observed the approach of strangers than they abandoned their intended prey, and made a hasty retreat towards a wood which skirted the scene of action. Too much a soldier to run the hazard of an ambuscade, and perceiving also, that the gentleman who had first attracted his attention, was extended on the ground, evidently severely wounded, Edgar halted his little party, and hurried forward to ascertain if he could benefit the sufferer. The latter raised his head feebly, to thank his approaching deliverer, but had scarcely caught a glimpse of his face, when he hastily averted his own, though not before

Edgar had recognized with surprise the well-known features of Martindale. These features were so deeply associated in his mind with the treachery that had planned and so nearly achieved the ruin of his happiness, that he involuntarily drew back a step ; but the next moment recollected the state in which he found his enemy, and disgust gave place to pity.

“ Leave me—leave me !” groaned Martindale, as he saw his figure bending over him ; “ must I be indebted to *you* for succour ? Away—and let the wretches return and finish their work.”

“ I will not leave you while I can be serviceable,” said Edgar, mildly ; “ are your wounds dangerous ?” And he attempted to staunch the blood which was gushing copiously from his side.

“ Leave me !” was Martindale’s only answer, and he strove to drag himself from his touch ; but his strength was unequal to the effort, and he dropped motionless upon the sward.

Edgar raised him slowly and with care, and supported his drooping head upon his arm,

while he gave directions to the servants how to bind up his wounds.

“Why had I not died a moment earlier?” said Martindale, with bitterness. “Curse me, Arlington—set your foot upon my breast, and tread out the remains of my worthless life. I could bear it better than these cares—they are daggers to me—Let me die!”

“Do not give way to these feelings, Mr. Martindale,” said Edgar; “they will exhaust your strength. Let us forget the past, and think only of what can be best done in this emergency. Be careful of irritating your wounds. I see they are deep.”

“They are,” replied Martindale; “as deep as my worst foe could wish them.”

A pause ensued, during which his features underwent a strong revulsion, as if his mind was a prey to some deep agitation. After some minutes he spoke.—“Arlington, you conquer me. My heart is stubborn—at this moment I could wish to hate you—to pour upon your head the bitterest anathemas that agony ever wrung from a wounded spirit, and I cannot do it.

There is a something at the bottom of my heart, which forbids it. Your nobleness forces me to admire, to honour you, when I would give an existence to sweep you from the earth."

"And why?" enquired Edgar, checking by an effort the feelings which began to swell within him at the avowal of this bitter enmity; "in what have I ever injured you?"

"In what!" repeated Martindale; "you have crossed my path at every turn—you have blasted every prospect of happiness that I ever formed—wherever I moved, you have been before me like my evil star; and you come here to embitter my last moments by asking what you have done to—pardon me, Arlington; it is my unhappy destiny that has done it all—I do you wrong—I know I do—the noble manner in which you have lately acted, forces me to believe I have but ill estimated your character. Even in that unhappy affair in the Carnatic, I do not believe that you were actuated by ill will."

"As I hope for eternal forgiveness, I was not," said Edgar, solemnly.

"I believe it," pursued Martindale; "would

that I had thought so then !—the fault was mine, and I deserved its punishment. But it ruined my military prospects, and—shall I confess it—from that moment I vowed an implacable hatred to you, whom I regarded as the author of my disgrace. This sentiment was soon destined to acquire additional strength. I had, early in life, contracted a fatal habit of gaming ; and this sudden extinction of my hopes as a soldier, by depriving me of the funds which had enabled me to indulge in it, soon left me almost a beggar. But to this exigence I fancied I had a remedy ; for I had long formed a plan for ultimate independence, by marrying my cousin Clara, in furtherance of which I had studiously ingratiated myself with every member of the family, and had succeeded so far, that I scarcely doubted of success. Judge, then, what I felt, when, on hastening to Barrackpore to secure my prize, I found myself forestalled, and by the man whom I regarded as my bitterest enemy. Arlington, I know that I am a villain, and it is not a light guilt which will appall me ; but I shudder when I think, in cold blood, of the imprecations which

I heaped upon your head. I was now desperate—there seemed but one course left. I knew her father only promoted your views because you were rich. To deprive you of these riches was to deprive you of his consent. The project flattered my revenge; it offered me another chance for the fortune which was to redeem me from beggary; and in an evil hour I listened to the demon within, and joined the hypocrite to the villain. I need not explain to you the machinery of the engine, which, after I had lulled your first suspicions of my rivalry, by a pretence of an engagement elsewhere, had so nearly worked your destruction; for you have heard the confession of Kreutzer, an adventurer like myself, and often my tool in pillaging the unwary. No doubt he told you all.”

“He did,” said Edgar, whom excitement had by this time rendered entirely forgetful of his injunction, that the wounded man should avoid all irritating topics; “but he could not explain why, not satisfied with the destruction of my property, you sought even my life.”

“The two subjects became involved,” replied

Martindale; "I was not slow in probing the extent of my first success, and I found myself baffled. I heard Clara openly refuse obedience to her father's command to think no more of you. You seemed born to thwart my projects—it became necessary for one of us to cease to exist. I was by this time too thorough-paced a villain to hesitate at completing my work, at whatever price, and I bribed Kreutzer to remove you from my path. Assassins are hired in India almost as readily as in Italy. The plan was laid, and the hand of justice has overruled it to my own destruction; for the ruffians employed, who belonged to the Decoits, not content with their stipulated reward, and learning by their spies of my having quitted the capital, concluded—one of them just now dared tell me so to the teeth—that I was carrying off the spoils of our united crimes, and determined to consummate their villainy by my death. A sickness, which detained me at Hughly, could not tire their vigilance; they tracked my steps even hither—their treachery has succeeded too well,

and I shall soon become—what I dare not think of!”

It needs not to dwell on Edgar's disgust at this tale of enormity; but the evidently dying state of the wretched narrator forbade his giving it vent, and his only reply was an endeavour to awaken him to a sense of his awful situation; for our hero was so unfashionable as not to blush at carrying the heart of a Christian beneath the garb of a soldier. But the subject seemed to goad his hearer's feelings to the quick.

“No more of it,” he exclaimed, with more energy than Edgar had supposed him capable of exerting. “Arlington, if my persecutions have not extinguished every spark of pity for me, do not speak of this. You are happy—all your wishes are crowned with success, and your enemy is bleeding at your feet. Be content, and do not seek to heighten your triumph by embittering the last moments of a dying man.”

“Why do you impute such a motive to me?” replied Edgar; “do me more justice, and think me only actuated by a wish for your own advantage.”

“Do you mock me, sir?” cried Martindale, fiercely; “after what you have heard, dare you to tell me—nay, nay, you mean it well, I know; but what advantage can a wretch like me draw from looking at the future? Would not—the thought grows more horrid every instant. I will not think of it. The die is cast—I have chosen my fate, and must bide the issue. Think of the future!—if you wish to comfort me, Arlington, persuade me that there is *no* future;—talk to me of atoms—of annihilation. Bid me hope that I shall sleep the sleep of eternity, and I will listen to you—aye, and bless every word that falls from your lips.”

Edgar could not restrain a shudder, as he listened to this raving. He would have replied in words of comfort, but when he glanced at his career of unrepented infamy, he trembled to do so. Still he could not contemplate his dying in such a state without horror, and earnestly implored him at least to seize the few moments that remained in seeking the divine mercy. Martindale’s only answer was a bitter groan; the signs of some strong convulsion, either of mind or

body, passed over his features, and distorted them so dreadfully, that Edgar turned aside his head with a look of horror. In a moment he recovered his firmness ; he again turned towards him—Martindale was dead !

CHAPTER XVII.

“ —— Time rolled on—and summer’s glowing noon
Gave place to yellow autumn ; yet it brought
No healthful change to her, but gradual still
Life’s current ebbed away. One balmy eve,
When autumn’s parting clouds borrowed their hues
Of summer’s golden sunset from the world,
Her gentle spirit passed, melting away,
Like rainbow tints from heaven.”


Mrs. WILSON.

THOUGH Edgar, in imparting to his wife the awful close of their wretched cousin’s career, softened in great measure the darker parts of the detail, there remained enough to destroy every prospect of further pleasure from their matrimonial tour. An immediate return was therefore resolved on ; and as the late hurricane

had left Edgar no inclination to put what was so dear to him a second time to such hazard, it was determined to proceed by land. Their dawk was therefore laid, and a very few days saw them on their route towards Barrackpore.

By a letter from his mother, which Edgar found awaiting him at Chandernagore, he received very unsatisfactory intelligence of Lulaya. The debility which he had remarked in her before his departure, had increased during his absence. There were no positive symptoms of disease, but that general weakness of system which is but the more alarming from its not assuming any determinate form. Her mind, too, seemed to have taken its tone from the body; for, though patient and resigned, her spirits seemed entirely broken. Her walks, her flowers, and even the studies and amusements which Edgar had taught her, and which had seemed a part of her existence, were all neglected: she secluded herself almost entirely, even from her benefactress; and while with her, her former cheerfulness and innocent serenity had given place to a settled melancholy; and when Mrs.

Arlington attempted to cheer, and win her back to something like her former self, the languid smile of thankfulness which stole over her pale wan cheek, was so faint, and so mournful, that it was even more painful to witness than the sorrowfulness which had preceded it. Edgar was not a little grieved at this account of his adopted sister, whom this, his first absence, had taught him was nearer to his heart than he had imagined, and the want of whose society even the presence and attractions of his lovely bride, had not wholly prevented him from feeling. Clara herself had found both her curiosity and compassion awakened by her husband's accounts of his young protégée; and though these were sometimes so warm that she began to pout, and declare herself jealous, she had too much confidence in the fullness of his affection to be so in reality, and her only sentiments towards the child of romance and feeling, who after losing all her natural protectors, had been thrown almost among beings of another world, were those of kindness and pity. She therefore fully shared in the eagerness which induced Edgar to



hurry the bearers forward ; but notwithstanding their exertions, the sun was sinking in the horizon when they arrived at Barrackpore. He sought his mother with almost feverish eagerness ; but it needed only a glance at her countenance to tell him that he was too late.

The eye of the young Hindu had indeed closed for ever upon all earthly things. The advance of disease had been so gradual in her delicate frame, that almost before its existence was suspected by those around her, the better part of its work was done, and the thread which bound its victim to life, stretched to its utmost tension. The absence, too, of all complaint, and the sweet though faint smile that continued to play upon her features, had fed hope to the last moment. There was even some appearance of a revulsion ; she seemed rather to gain strength, and Mrs. Arlington had begun to think that nature's struggle with disease would be successful, when the young Indian was one morning discovered stretched before her little mut—a domestic altar often raised by the Hindus within their dwellings, whereon she had

carefully cultivated the sacred tulsie, and her devotion before which had apparently been the last act of her simple and blameless life. Such was the painful recital that awaited Edgar's return ; but it was not in the first burst of his sorrow that he could listen to it. He scarcely stayed to hear his mother's lips confirm the apprehensions which her countenance had indicated, before he hurried to the chamber of death, to snatch one last look at the luckless being whose fortunes had been so strangely linked with his, and the extent of whose hold upon his affections he had never felt so strongly as at the moment when she was thus torn from him.

Death's rough hand had not yet been laid upon the last relics of human loveliness. There was a faint but clear tint of red upon her cheek,—her features had not lost their usual expression of meek and quiet gentleness, and something so like a smile still dwelt upon her slightly parted lips, that Edgar yielded for a moment to the pleasing illusion that she was but in a tranquil sleep, and that life still lingered within, reluctant to quit so fair and pure a dwelling place. But

when, as he bent over the body, his hand accidentally rested upon the marbled one which lay beyond the coverlet, he felt the icy coldness of that touch vibrate even to his heart, and force on him the conviction that the shrine of his adopted sister was indeed all that was before him. Beyond the sudden and almost shuddering withdrawal of his hand from that unearthly touch, there was for some time no outward sign that he lived. Immoveable as the corpse beside him, his eye bent in unquailing fixedness upon the features that the cold grave was so soon to hide from his view, not even a sigh disturbed his almost breathless reverie. There are hearts whose depth of feeling is beyond all earthly show; but they know little indeed of human nature, who imagine that these are the hearts which feel the least. That Edgar's at least was not one of these, needed no further confirmation than a single glance at his countenance, as he at length slowly and with seeming difficulty withdrew his regards from the face which had ever brightened into smiles at his approach, but which now for the first time remained in cold

and statue-like unchangingness, unconscious even of the presence of its friend and protector. As his eye at last withdrew itself, it rested upon her syrinda, which lay near her upon a little musnud, and on a paper by its side he distinguished the characters of the air he had taught her, and to her use of which he probably owed his life. He did not dare to trust himself with another glance; but turning away with an effort, was hurrying from the apartment, when he found himself arrested by a female figure, in which his bewildered eye had some difficulty to recognize the ayah Bewah. He knew not what she said to him, nor what he replied; but he felt a folded paper in his hand, and finding his progress no longer impeded, instinctively pursued his way to his chamber, where he eagerly tore open the envelope, and read what was probably the last earthly effort of the mind of Luslaya.

“May the days of the friend of the destitute be long, and his joys many and sparkling as the thousand eyes of Swerga.* Let it not grieve

* Swerga, the sky.

him that when he shall return to the house of his fathers, he will find that the poor flower which he deigned to cherish is laid low, and will meet his fostering eye no more. Already the angel of death has placed the pale Mayhya* on the brow of Luslaya, and the flowers are in bud that will blossom upon her tomb. She could have wished to see once more him who has been to her as one of the benevolent genii—to have told him that the heart of his poor Hindu has not forgotten what it owes him—but the will of Mahadeva be fulfilled! Shall the lotus murmur against the pool that sustains its life, because it will not waft it wherever it lists to go? It is no new thing for me to drink of the cup of affliction, and to see the frost-breath of care wither the few flowers which hope had planted in the desert of my life. The genius of grief presided at my birth, and smiled in bitter mockery when my father fondly promised that his child's footsteps should be only in the sunbeam, and gave her the laughter-loving name of Luslaya.† It

* Mayhya, a pale flower, the emblem of despondency.

† Luslaya, in the Nepaul dialect, signifies joy.

was indeed a thing for mockery—for her nisib * of evil was on her forehead, though *he* could not see it ; the nisib which has since flourished with such fatal luxuriance, which has borne the blossom of anguish, and the bitter fruit of despair. But it is over now ; the feeble osier which has so often trembled in the blast, is about to sink into its quiet nook, where the cloud and the storm shall find it no more, and the place where it grew shall forget that it has ever been. Let not him who shrouded the lorn one from the tempest when there were none to shelter her defenceless head, mourn when she is low ; the asoca† pines and dies when the sunbeam withdraws from her ; and it is meet that it should be so ; for it was his kiss that first called her into life : but the asoca, while she lived, was unworthy of the sun's least regard ; she was only born to look upon him and to die—and why should his smile be less bright when she fades ? *Thou wert Lus-*

* They believe that every being has its future destiny traced upon its forehead.

† The Asoca is a very beautiful and delicate flower, which blossoms at sunrise, and fades away at sunset.

laya's sun, and let her be to thee the asoca ; or if thou wilt sometimes give a sigh to the memory of thy simple Hindu, let it be as the last echo of the Cocila's* note along the valley, sweet in its very mournfulness.

“During my sojourn under thy roof, it may be that I have grieved or offended thee. If it be so, do not judge me too hardly—remember, that I am a simple being, ignorant of the ways of thy people ; and believe that my heart has never forgotten the throb of gratitude, nor my lip the prayer of intercession for the friend of Brahma's children. There are a few flowers which I have cherished and loved, for they grew in my native valley : the hand that tended them will soon be cold, and the eye that delighted to look on them and recal the days of old, will view them no more. Wilt thou plant them upon Luslaya's grave ? Though she dies far from her native hearths, and in the land of the stranger, she would still, if it may be, sleep beneath the flowers of her country. Our Gurus† have also told that

* Cocila, the Nightingale.

† Gurus, priests.

to build a choultry* will preserve the departing spirit from revolting transmigrations. Wilt thou do this for the sake of the poor Hindu? Thou wilt, and her spirit shall bless thee.

“And now, fare thee well. If the prayer of the lowly one may find acceptance with Varahi,† her disembodied spirit will be permitted to hover round her protector, to throw over him the amanta‡ which shall be his guard against the wiles of Daitya,§ and the dark genii; to make his days sweet as the breath of Pavan|| when he wanders among the orange blossoms, and to bring to him and his chosen one fresh fruits from the Taracalpa, the tree of desire, which blooms in the ever during garden of Indra.¶—What can I say more?”

* Choultry, a house of public accommodation for travellers.

† Varahi, the God who grants petitions.

‡ Amanta, a magic spell.

§ Daitya, an evil Spirit.

|| Pavan, the God of the Winds.

¶ Indra, the God of the elements, and of Swerga, the visible heaven.

NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Ghya—A species of rice.

Chillownia—This is called the god of trees; and the natives have a superstition that no house is perfectly secure in which some of its wood is not employed. Its timber is much esteemed.

Changra—The shawl goat.

Khagia—A small species of sheep.

Chouri—The Nepaul cow, the tail of which is held in great estimation.

Mountain sovereign of the globe—The peak of Nundidevi is the highest in the world. According to Heber, it is 25,689 feet above the level of the sea, being more than 4000 feet higher than Chimborazo. Mount Meru is 23,000. None of the peaks have ever been scaled.

Khora—The Nepaulian sword, of an elegant form, curved at the lower extremity, and gradually spreading till it ends in a broad edge. An engraving of it accompanies Col. Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul.

Kookheri—The Nepaulian dagger.

Jung Neshaun—The war standard of the country. It bears the figure of Hainooman, (the great deity of Nepaul) painted on a yellow ground.

Indra—The god of the seasons, and of Swerga, the visible Heaven. He ranks next to the great Triad, and has most of the attributes of the European Jupiter.

Ipomea—Sir W. Jones describes this as a very beautiful flower, of a rosy red. It is also called Camalata, or love's creeper.

Vishnu—The preserving deity of the great Hindu triad.

Gurus—Priests.

Cama, or Camadeva—The god of love.

Rheti, or Affection—his wife.

Ragunis, or Female Passions—Nymphs who preside over musical sounds.

The holy water of Gunga, or the Ganges—Is the most binding oath among the Hindus.

The Nine Incarnations of Vishnu—These Incarnations or Avators, form a very conspicuous part of the Hindu Mythology. They are Matsya, Vara, Coorma, Sing, Trivikera, Parasu Rama, Rama Chandra, Chrishna, and Bhûd. There is a tenth yet to come, called Kalkee.

Shasters—The Sacred Books.

Chandelah—An outcast of so degraded a character, that even the falling of his shadow on the person is deemed a pollution not to be wiped away without a particular species of purification.—*Maurice's Ind. Antig.*

Narekha—The Hindu hell, inhabited by fiery serpents, called Nagas.

Assuaging Grass—A species of grass with which wanderers in those parts where water cannot be obtained, are accustomed to allay their thirst.

He who slumbers on the lotus leaf—An appellation of Brahma.

Cali—The goddess of Time.

CHAPTER II.

Sukoors—The milk trees, which, together with the Champas, (an inconsiderable shrub in Bengal) Col. Kirkpatrick found growing to a considerable size on the hills which surround the Valley of the Doona.

Canopus—This brilliant star, which belongs to the southern Cross, and is the glory of the eastern and southern heavens, is, according to Major Wilford, invisible in any European latitudes. It is fabled to have contested the palm of brilliancy with the sun, and a belief of its power over the human system was widely disseminated.

“The philosophers have discovered that this cheerfulness arises from the influence of the star Canopus, which rises over their heads every night.”—*Ouseley's Heft. Aklim.*

Baisi—Valley.

Aruna—The charioteer of the sun.

“Could Arun dispel the shades of night, if the deity of a thousand beams had not placed him in the car of day?”—*Sacontala.*

Poojah—A religious festival.

Amra flower—A flower sacred to Cama, who is usually represented with it in his hand.

“She draws thy image with musk in the character of the deity, with five shafts, holding in his hand an *Amra* flower.”—*Gita Govinda, or songs of Jayadeva, Trans. by Sir W. Jones.*

Vaicontha—The Heaven of Vishnu.

CHAPTER III.

Eyes of Indra—The stars are called the eyes of this Dewtah. “Menu, by whose divine offerings the God of a thousand eyes was constantly invited.”—*From an inscription in a cave behind Nagargeni, in the Vindhya mountains.*

Supporters of the Universe—These are, Indra, east; Yama, south; Varuna, west; Cuvera, north.—*More's Pantheon.*

His Bow—The rainbow is the bow of Indra, which never misses its aim. “Let not him who knows right from wrong, and sees in the sky the bow of Indra, shew it to any man.”—*Inst. Menu. ch. 4, v. 59.*

Surya—The sun.

Yamapoor—The place to which the soul is conveyed for judgment, when it is admitted to Swerga, the first heaven, doomed to Narekha, or transformed to some animal or vegetable form on earth.

CHAPTER IV.

Tiffin—A meal answering to our luncheon.

Kitmudhar—An indoor servant.

Chuckoar—A species of partridge, found in the Nepaul woods.

Piano—A small India coin.

CHAPTER V.

The swing—A ceremony to recover caste when lost.—Two picces of bamboo are erected in the form of a cross, and the person undergoing the penance suspended by two hooks fastened under the dorsal muscles of the back, and swung backward and forward. If he survives the process, he is restored to all the privileges his loss of caste had forfeited.

Sice—A groom.

Chaprassies—&c. &c. These are all native servants, of various degree and office, who go before persons of rank, carrying silver sticks—they also bear the general name of *peons*.

Massalgies—Torch bearers—they run before the carriages after dark with lighted flambeaux.

Syrinda—A species of guitar.

Soma—The moon.

Saniassi—The highest order of the Brahmins. They are usually of great sanctity, and hold over all the ordinary feelings of the nature, a sternness of control which in some instances seems almost superhuman. "Unless a Brahmin reaches this degree (the fourth) he has no title to Mokht, or Heaven."—*Maurice's Ind. Antiq.*

Mantra—A supplication.

Ayah—An attendant; a sort of nurse.

Ferinjee—A foreigner.

Puranas—The last division of the eighteen orthodox Vedyas, or parts of knowledge—they chiefly consist of moral precepts, and general instructions for conduct.

Mana—Devotion is divided into three parts—*Mana*, that which proceeds from the heart in silence; *Vank*, that which finds vent in words; and *Neyama*, that which is accompanied by the prescribed ceremonies.

Asuras—The evil Genii.

Maruts—The messengers of *Pavan*, God of the Winds.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sirdar bowberge—Head cook.

Consumah—Butler.

Abdar—Wine and water cooler.

Lumbar peallah—A drinking glass.

CHAPTER IX.

Apsaras—A race of beautiful beings, very similar to European fairies.

Bhavani—The goddess of love and beauty.

Asoca—A remarkably beautiful plant, growing to the height of a tree, and producing a great number of fragrant flowers, which exist but a single day.

Nilica—A lovely blue flower, of which the bees are so fond, that they frequently sleep in it. Sir W. Jones, in his Essay on select Indian plants in the Asiatic Researches, states, that they also do this in the *white sephalica*.

CHAPTER X.

Paikan—A foot messenger.

Gallee—abuse.

Chaprassey—A running footman.

Barca saib—Stranger gentleman—the Chaprassies' usual mode of announcing a fresh visitant.

Punkah—A large frame of light wood, covered with cotton, which is hung from the ceiling, and to which cords are fastened, for the purpose of drawing it to and fro, to agitate the air.

Tat—A thick blind, made of cusa grass, which when watered and fanned by the hot winds, contributes greatly to the coolness of the apartment.

Nautch girls—Dancing in the east, is considered of so degrading a nature, that it is practised only by persons of the lowest caste, or those who have lost caste entirely. Among these Bayaderes, as they are called, the species of dance termed

the Nautch, is much esteemed, and they are frequently hired to perform it at European entertainments.

Vina—A small syrinda.

Annas—Silver coin, one 16th of a rupee.

Rupees—The sicca rupee is worth about 2s.

Mohurs—Value £1. 13s. 2½d. 2-25.

Ananta—The great serpent of eternity, whose folds encompass the world; very similar to the mighty serpent of Midgard, in the Norse mythology.

Peepul—A very majestic tree, sacred to Mahadeva, or Siva, the destroying Dewtah of the great Triad. The Hindus believe that an evil spirit dwells in every leaf.

Carticeya—The god of war; but a more terrible deity than the European Mars, having six heads, and bearing in his numerous hands spears, sabres, and other hostile weapons.

CHAPTER XI.

Daitya—"Daitya and Racsha, are names of evil beings, spirits in other worlds, or malignantly incarnate in this."—*More's Pantheon*.

CHAPTER XII.

Dopotter—A covering for the head, worn by Hindu females, part of which answers the purposes of a veil.

Chit—A note.

CHAPTER XIV.

Pariah—One who has forfeited caste, and with whom no pure Hindu dares hold the slightest intercourse. It is pollution even to have gazed upon him.

Budgerow—A boat with a cabin, much used in India.

Manjee—The steersman.

248 NOTES TO THE ORPHAN OF NEPAUL.

CHAPTER XVI.

Barroos—A species of banditti who infest the neighbourhood of Rungel.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mow—A domestic altar, upon which the Hindus cultivate the sacred plant *tulsie*, and before which they perform their devotions.

THE END.

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